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Lindsey Wiebe

Once upon a time, in a place not unlike this one, there was a happy kingdom called Yuveeyesess. They had a new castle with a modern state-of-the-art ballroom.

Each week the finest musicians in the land would come and play. There was wine, music and feasting a-plenty.

A handsome duke looked after the festivities.

"How is my new ballroom?" the king would ask.

"Splendid, your majesty," the duke would reply. "Ye Sloan will be playing here next month."

"And the money? "

"We are phat with cash, majesty," the duke would reply. "Flush."

Then one day, the duke announced that he was leaving, to seek his fortune in another kingdom.

After he left, the king sent a servant to the counting house. The servant came back in tears.

"Majesty, majesty," he cried. "The counting house is empty! There is no money to pay Sloan."

The days that followed were a dark time of cutbacks, accusations and increased curds and whey prices. Far away, in a land called Saskatonia, the duke hid with a trunk full of gold coins,

He was happy, but he knew that one day,

the king would find him and justice would be served.

Youth candidates take on civic elections

by Shana Heiser

Two young city council candidates support a new budget that calls for affordable housing, restoration of public transit routes, and a focus on arts and culture in Victoria.

Incumbent Rob Fleming, chairperson of the UVSS in 1998, is concerned about the close-to-zero per cent vacancy rate in Victoria and the cuts to necessary public transit. Bryan Skinner, member of the popular band Shillelagh, wants to promote and expand Victoria's vibrant and culturally diverse arts scene.

Both candidates know these issues significantly affect students, and are backed by the left-wing Victoria Civic Electors slate, which has targeted the concerns of students and youth.

"It's vitally important for Victorians and students to vote a progressive majority into council," Skinner said. "We need people who will stand up for our community in the wake of the provincial government offloading of responsibility."

On Nov. 16, all Canadian citizens who have lived in British Columbia for six months and in Victoria for at least 30 days will have the opportunity to vote eight of the 24 council candidates into office. These two young men want to win.

During Fleming's time at UVic, he introduced the U-Pass, which alleviated the growing congestion and parking problems on campus. Since then, transit's priorities have changed, so Fleming is concerned about the U-Pass' future.

"Transit services were expanding then (in 1998), but today I'm worried about the long term viability of the U-Pass, because we're seeing route hours cut," Fleming said.

Each councillor is able to bring numerous topics to the table to discuss, Fleming said. He will propose that UVic and the city work together on such issues as affordable housing and more course offerings downtown.

Skinner, a musician and filmmaker, energetically supports voting a progressive majority into city council. His platform emphasizes strengthening the culturally aware community in Victoria.

"We need to ensure that in this time of offloading and downsizing that arts remain a priority," Skinner said, "because healthy arts and culture are important to the health of the community."

Skinner wants to maintain and expand summer festivals such as Summer in the Square, Folkfest, and the Beacon Hill Park Summer Series.

Funding new housing and cultural events has always come down to budgeting priorities, Skinner said. Electing VCE candidates, who have "youthful energy," would influence the budget in favour of student interests.

Both candidates agree that students need to get out and vote.

"A lot of students don't vote in local elections," Fleming said, "but as the federal government has withdrawn, local government has become more and more important."

Services such as the provincial highway system and ambulance use could soon become responsibilities of the local government, which places more influence on what the eight soon-to-be elected councillors believe.

Another UVic-affiliated candidate, UVSS Director Mark Walsh, is running for the school board in School District 61, which covers Greater Victoria.

"It's time to get some strong voices to protect public education," Walsh supporter Bruce Fogg said.

With what Fleming and Skinner call "provincial downloading," the candidates identify the interests of communities in Victoria, including UVic, as their priorities.

"Students and youth have interests in protecting the beautiful downtown and quality of life issues," Fleming said. "I hope students come out (and vote) in large numbers."

photo by Norman Ed Baskerville

Hundreds of students band around Cunningham Woods on Monday to raise awareness about the site, where the new Medical Sciences Building is planned to be built. The entire slated area was surrounded by students at one point.

Stop the war on the poor, says Klein

by Matt Bigelow

Local political activists want to bring an end to what they call the "war on the poor."

At an anti-poverty forum in Victoria last week, B.C. Director of the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives (CCPA) Seth Klein said the Liberal government's intent to privatize government in an American fashion is a decision that would have a negative effect on B.C.'s poor.

In the United States, privatization brought growth, said Klein. But Campbell is bringing in the "sticks" of privatization and not the supports, he said. By cutting childcare and the minimum wage, Campbell is building his province on a shaky foundation, he said.

"Six hundred million dollars has been cut out of human resources, and close to 450 positions have been closed," said Klein. "[Human Resources] has taken one-third of the government cuts."

"This affects the poorest among us, who are paying for tax cuts."

Klein added that the .4 per cent of B.C. taxpayers who earn $250,000 and more per year pay the same per cent in tax dollars as people who earn $39,000 per year and less.

But Klein said there is one positive thing the government is doing.

"They're showing an increase in willingness to improve tracking on who is on welfare," he said.

But based on phone surveys, Klein said the polls are ineffective.

"Homeless and couch surfers don't have [phone numbers]," he said, adding that the response rate to the phone surveys is about 30 per cent.

Jackie Ackerly, a member of the Together Against Poverty Society addressed the relationship between disabilities and poverty. Ackerly said 35,000 B.C. residents formerly had disability status, which gave them $870 per month plus benefits. Things have since changed, she said.

"Half have been given reassessment notices," Ackerly said. "Now they will receive $510 per month plus the requirement to find a job."

Ackerly said this is an attack on both single moms and aging women, especially those between the ages of 55 and 64.

"A 61-year-old woman on welfare will have to go back to work," she said, adding that it will be unlikely these women will ever be able to retire.

"[Single moms] will be forced into a job market that won't supply a family," Ackerly said.

Hospital closures also affect the poor more than anybody else, she said. "When somebody without transportation and money breaks their leg in Kimberly, how are they going to get treatment if the closest hospital is over 50 km away?"

"These are attacks on poor people."

Wanted: Arrest warrant out for former SUB business manager

by John Thompson

A warrant is out for the arrest of Vivek Sharma, the former business manager of the Student Union Building (SUB) at UVic.

Charges of fraud, theft, and causing a person to use a forged document have been pressed against Sharma by the Saanich police.

"There is a warrant for him," said Sgt. Bob Hubbard from the Saanich Police's financial crimes unit. "As for his whereabouts, it's not believed he's in the province."

Sharma, 28, began working for the student union as manager of the campus pub, Felicita's, in 1999. From there he was promoted to the role of operations manager, responsible for overseeing the different businesses inside the SUB, until he resigned in the late summer of 2001. Sharma told his employers that a Belgian firm made him an offer he couldn't pass up, and he had to leave as soon as he could. He left in early October.

Weeks later, a routine audit revealed hundreds of thousands of dollars missing from the student union's business figures. At the time, *the Martlet* reported an unexpected shortfall of over $350,000. Since then, a forensic audit and police investigation have shown the amount missing was "significantly less" than that, Hubbard said, but wouldn't comment further.

As Jonas Gifford tells it, Sharma worked hard, drank a lot of coffee, and made a lot of promises. Gifford is the student union's director of finance, a position he also held last year, when the financial disaster exploded.

"Well, Vivek made a lot of promises. He had a lot of grand ideas of what he wanted to accomplish," Gifford said. "He had a lot of commitments, a lot of promises."

Some promises came through, like

photo provided

Vivek Sharma, former business manager of the Student Union Building, is wanted by Saanich Police.

an expensive banner printer donated by Canon.

"That was something that, through his persuasion, was donated to the Society," Gifford said. Similarly, pizza ovens were also donated to the building.

But other commitments weren't fulfilled, like the flooring and furniture in the SUB's now-defunct nightclub, Vertigo. The deal that Vivek imagined never materialized, leaving the UVSS with a $35,000 bill.

"The Society ate some very large bills for that," Gifford said. "The board of directors had many expectations he'd follow through on things he'd contributed."

From 1997 to 2000 the Society was gradually pulling itself from accumulated debt with modest budget surpluses over several years. In 2001, a $37,000 deficit was expected. A routine audit found a deficit of $398,000 instead. In the months that followed, the building's general manager, Doug Ausman, was fired. Marne Jensen, a former executive of the UVic Students' Society,was hired in his place. She describes the cash crisis as largely the result of building-wide mismanagement, and said that, over the past year, the way inventory and money is tracked inside the building have been overhauled.

The Students' Society alleges there were major discrepancies between the financial figures reported by Sharma to the finance committee, and the numbers used by individual businesses.

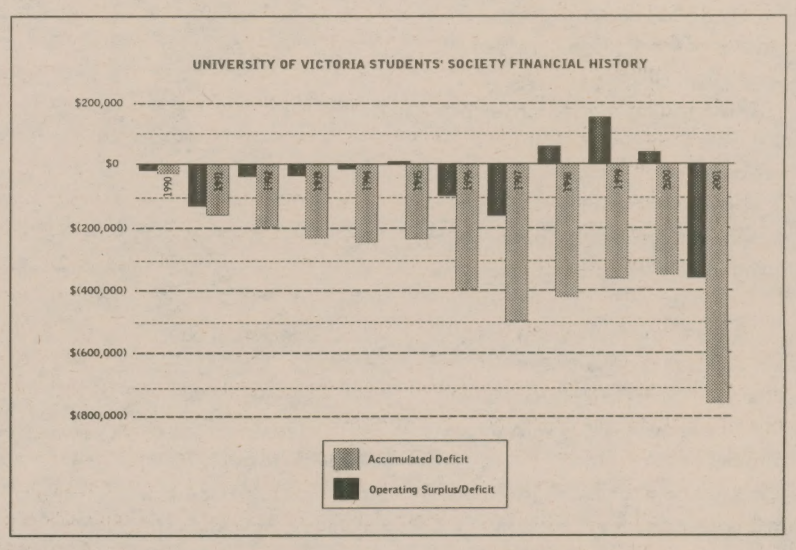
"What Vivek presented to the finance committee bore no relation to the actual statements," Jensen said. "We allege that he took money that was the Society's. We allege he used fraud in order to do that."

Until police pressed charges, the students' society was unable to comment on their suspicions of criminal wrongdoing. Publicly, they continue to be tight-lipped for fear of damaging an anticipated court case. But beneath the surface, suspicion and anger have been directed at Sharma for some time.

During the SUB employees' Christmas party last year, Gifford smashed a piñata made in Sharma's likeness. Today, the papier-mâché replica peers from an upper shelf in Gifford's office.

"He claimed to have roots in Halifax, roots in India, roots in Montreal. What the legitimacy of those are, I don't know."

So far the Students' Society has collected some insurance money for employee dishonesty, for which they're insured for up to $50,000.



Enron on campus: The UVic Students' Society was pulling itself out of debt until last fall, when a shortfall of $350,000 was discovered. The Students' Society presently has a one million dollar debt.

"It was made by our staff," Gifford explained, without commenting further.

"We've had our suspicions, but there's only so much we can publicly comment on," he added.

As for the whereabouts of Sharma, speculations over the past year have ranged from Europe to the Canadian prairies. "He claimed to have gone to Europe," Gifford said. "We have no proof."

Gifford wouldn't comment on the amount collected, because the information is tied to the criminal investigation.

If Sharma is convicted of criminal charges, the Students' Society could plausibly file a civil suit against him. But at this point, Gifford said, it would be premature to comment.

"It's too early to tell," he said. "We really need to see some more progress on the criminal case."

UVSS stands ground, Glowinski launches two-pronged response

by Robin Platts

The saga continues. As the UVic Students' Society (UVSS) stood firm in its refusal to offer financial support for Kent Glowinski's trip to attend a September 11 conference in Ottawa, the law student filed a human rights complaint against the UVSS and said he is planning legal action.

At a board meeting last week, the UVSS stood behind its earlier decision not to make a donation for Glowinski's trip ("Student threatens legal action against UVSS," Oct. 17). The board passed a motion that Director of Finance Jonas Gifford should draft a letter to Glowinski re-affirming the finance committee's earlier decision.

Prior to that meeting, Glowinski had said that, if the board did not reimburse him $300 for the trip, he would pursue legal action. UVSS chair Troy Sebastian said that even though legal fees incurred in the event of legal action by Glowinski could well exceed $300, it would be "well worth it."

"We should not be intimidated," said Sebastian.

Gifford sent the letter and Glowinski shot back with a complaint to the B.C. Human Rights Commission. In the complaint, Glowinski alleges that "the UVSS discriminated against me directly because of my political belief" and that "the UVSS donation policy works to indirectly discriminate against those with conservative, and/or right-wing political beliefs."

Glowinski gave *the Martlet* a copy of his complaint and said that he is also planning a legal action through the B.C. Supreme Court.

On Tuesday, *the Martlet* asked Sebastian for his reaction to Glowinski's human rights complaint and planned legal action.

"Well, we were informed by *the Martlet*," said Sebastian. "I guess his lawyer will contact our lawyer and the process will go that way. There's really not much we can say. The matter has obviously taken a legal route and I can't really comment on it because of the nature of that route."

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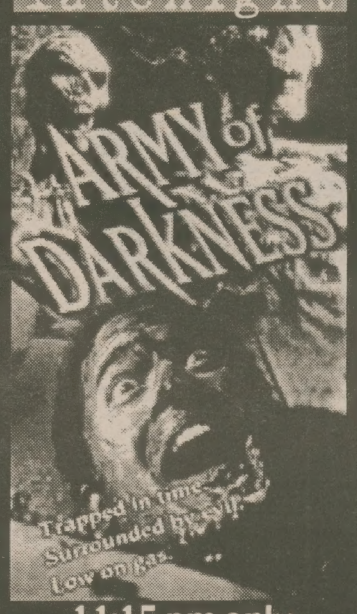

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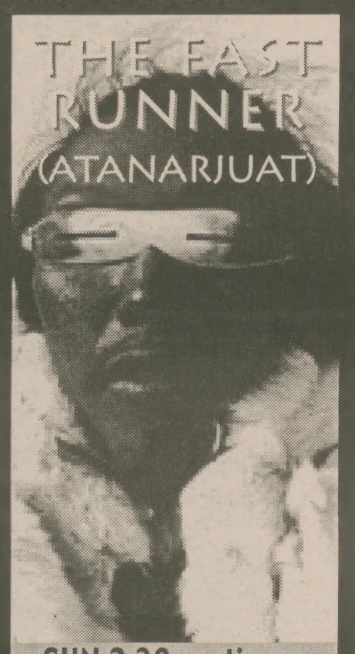

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Robert Oluka hangs up the gloves

UVSS director of academics resigns from board

by Robin Platts

The main event is over.

Robert Oluka is leaving the ring.

At last week's UVic Students' Society (UVSS) board meeting, the director of academics announced his resignation, effective Nov. 29.

Oluka said his reasons for stepping down are "logistical as well as personal."

"Personal reasons are personal reasons but, logistically, I'm no longer going to be a student. I graduate Nov. 12," he said.

"It's just time to move on. Also, I will be out of the country and - although I talked to the chairperson and he was quite clearly willing to consider perhaps a leave of absence - it was just time to go, in the sense that I might also leave again in February. I have a lot of discovering to do."

In last spring's election Oluka, 23, was the underdog, the independent candidate who wasn't part of the Putting Students First slate. His campaign included a faux boxing match poster proclaiming "The Main Event: All Odds vs. Oluka." The poster depicted Oluka as the proverbial "little guy," facing off against a giant,

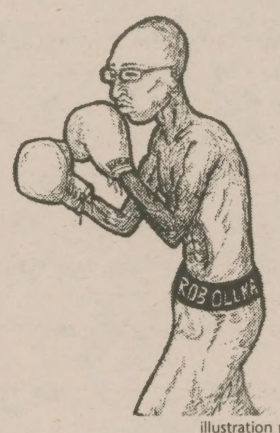

illustration provided

Take a look at me now: Oluka against all odds.

faceless champ.

The approach worked: Oluka was voted in as the only member of this year's board who wasn't a member of the Putting Students First slate.

In December, Oluka is going home to Uganda for a month to "get back the Oluka spirit." "I've done a lot of growing up," Oluka said of his time on the UVSS board. "There are a lot of things that you learn – how to manage emotions yourself, as well as how to work collectively with other people. The greatest achievement is the committee work – a lot of work that people never see, in the sense that it's bureaucratic work. There are a lot of dedicated people on the committees. That's why, although I'm leaving, I don't think anything is going to be disrupted in terms of committees."

Asked about the possible challenges he might have faced as the only board member who wasn't part of the Putting Students First slate, Oluka declined to comment.

"Robert brought a unique approach to the Society and to academics," said UVSS Chair Troy Sebastian. "I think it was refreshing and challenging at the same time. He has grown in his capacity to do the work, and that's something that is quite evident, from where he started in May until now."

"He described himself as an outsider. He was on the board last year, so I don't know how much of an outsider he was. In the elections, he surprised a lot of people. I wish him all the best," said Sebastian.

"I totally appreciate the work that Rob has done," said Jane Lee, Students of Colour Collective (SCC) representative to the UVSS board, "for the SCC in particular, because he's a man of colour." Lee said it has been important to have a person of colour on the board. "Having someone who already has that context really makes a difference in negotiations...he's done a great job. He's always been working hard for all the groups. I wish him the best."

Oluka hasn't yet made any firm plans for the future.

"I'm going to go back, catch up with the family," he says. "I do see myself going back for at least a master's degree, perhaps in public administration. Law school still kicks around but, if I go to law school, I'll do the master's first.

"I'm brought up in the African tradition, so I'm basically going to go back home and find out what the family wants. I've got a really awesome family, in the sense they will listen to what I want to do and support me."

The UVSS has yet to decide who will replace Oluka.

"The process is kind of on-going," says Sebastian. "Someone from the board is going to be appointed."

The Students' Society bylaws give the UVSS the right to select a current director-at-large to take Oluka's place.

In the meantime, the Oluka era is drawing to a close, as the underdog prepares to take off the gloves and leave the ring.

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Two public meetings held in the spring provided much valuable feedback. Two more information open houses held in October gave Greater Victoria residents and the campus community a further opportunity to provide comments and suggestions on the Draft Campus Plan. Those interested in engaging in more in-depth feedback may also choose one of three workshops in November.

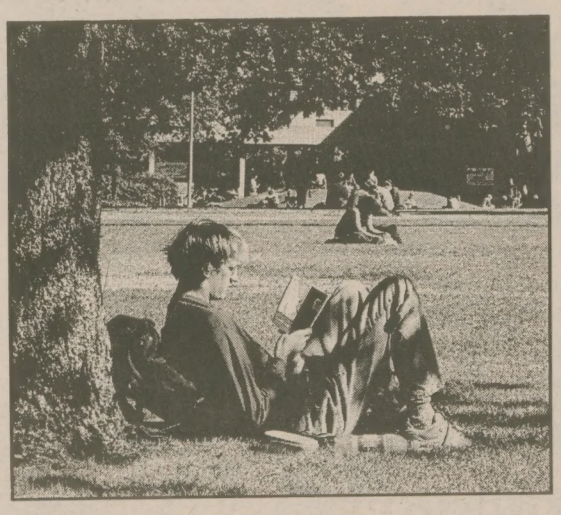
Draft Plan Workshops – Pre-Register

Thursday, November 14
9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

Monday, November 18
12:00 to 5:00 p.m.

Saturday, November 23
10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

The November workshops provide an opportunity to discuss the Draft Campus Plan in detail. Small group sessions are scheduled to encourage collaborative discussion. To pre-register or for more information, click on "Consultation Process" at www.uvic.ca/draftcampusplan or call CitySpaces Consulting, which is coordinating these events, at 383-0304.



Copies of the Draft Campus Plan are available at www.uvic.ca/draftcampusplan and at campus and Greater Victoria public libraries, the Oak Bay and Saanich municipal halls or by calling UVic's Facilities Management department at 721-7591.

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Student's question brings Liberal action to light

Education minister ponders optional student fees

by Suzanne Beaubien

Finally, a UVic student has made a suggestion that someone in the government will actually listen to.

At a recent Liberal Party convention in Penticton, UVic student and BC Liberal party member Dallas Henault raised the question of mandatory student fees to Advanced Education Minister Shirley Bond, bringing to light the government's new initiative to make student fees optional.

Henault objects to paying student fees to the Canadian Federation of Students, an organization that he says fails to represent all students.

"I don't think it's accountable for our fees to be spent on ways to tell us how to think as opposed to letting us choose for ourselves," he said.

As a member of the union that employs people in the SUB, Henault said he is not anti-union, but rather anti-"Campaign BC," the anti-Liberal campaign led by both union and student organizations in this province.

Henault was surprised that his question sparked such controversy, referring to an article in the *Vancouver Sun* earlier this week. "I had no idea it would become such an issue," he said. "But it was a concern that I've had for a while."

Advanced Education Minister Bond agrees with Henault and the other young Liberals from whom she said she has heard numerous complaints.

Bond told the *Vancouver Sun* she is investigating whether her ministry can make student fees optional.

"I think students should have the option to decide the kinds of things they would like to support," she said.

UVSS chair Troy Sebastian said he too is concerned about the fees students have to pay.

"We're concerned why she wants to take $37 million from students," said Sebastian, referring to the planned three cumulative 30 per cent tuition increases over the next few years.

"I find it inconsistent that the provincial government would use this argument," said Sebastian. "They're using this issue to attempt to fragment the student movement."

Henault said he thinks optional fees could bring choice into the system, adding that he would not support fees for the CFS.

"I would consider the options," said Henault. "If they considered bringing in the views of all students, and actually speak as a student organization, not as a political organization, then I would support them."

But Sebastian said students at UVic did make the choice to support student fees.

"Students voted to have these fees through a democratic process," he said.

The latest vote to increase student fees at UVic was last March, when students voted in support of a two-dollar levy towards the Native Students Union (NSU).

Sebastian also questions how practical implementing optional student fees would be. "It's an administrative nightmare," he said.

If fees were optional, the UVSS and the CFS wouldn't be the only ones hit hard. At UVic, full-time undergrads pay $62.54 in student fees, with monies divided between a number of student organizations that represent a range of student interests, including queers on campus, Native students and women, as well as the campus radio station and *the Martlet*.

CFUV collects $5 from each full-time student every semester to fund the campus radio station.

Randy Gelling, program director for CFUV, said money is tight as it is.

"We're already expecting a drop in revenue," said Gelling. "There's nothing we could cut back on."

"Cutting back would reduce the efficiency of the station."

CFUV is almost entirely volunteer-driven and has only three employees. Gelling said their financial resources primarily go towards maintaining equipment.

Gelling said increased fees towards the SUB this year have made money even tighter. But Gelling was optimistic when asked if he thinks students would opt to support CFUV through voluntary fees.

"I think we'd still get a lot of support," said Gelling. "A lot of students listen to CFUV."

Henault said he has no objections to collecting fees from students for advocacy groups.

"I support entering the Students' Society because it is a collective body that we use for services such as the Women's Centre and the Sexual Assault Centre."

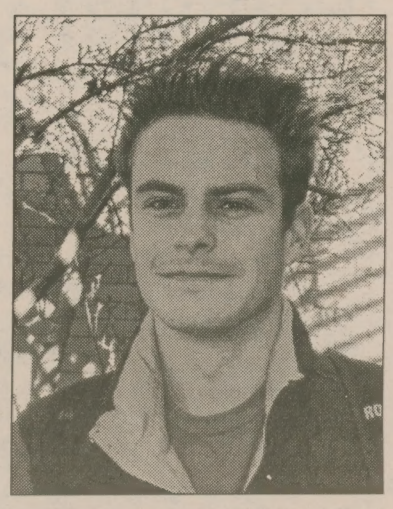


photo by Jocelyn Beyak

UVic student Dallas Henault argues students should be able to opt-out of funding groups like the Canadian Federation of Students.

Other ways to spend your student fees

To put student fees in a context we can understand, *the Martlet* went out to SUB businesses and put some products to those prices. Here's what you could buy in the SUB if fees were made optional and you weaseled out of payin' 'em. The closest items, without going over, are:

UVSS operations, $19 per semester = One 15-pack of blank CDs at Discovery computer store, after student discount

Building and Capital fund, $13 per semester = One pitcher of beer at Felicita's

Canadian Federation of Students, $6.76 per semester = One copy of *High Times* at SUBText

CFUV, $5 per semester = Play 18 holes on the Golden Tee arcade game in Felicita's

The Martlet, $3.75 per semester = One matinee at Cinecenta or a large popcorn at the Munchie Bar

Vancouver Island Public Research Group (VIPIRG), $3 per semester = One special of the day Strawberry Twist smoothie at the Juice Bar

Sexual Assault Centre, $2 per semester = A two-page fax at ZAP!

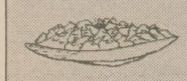
Clubs and Course unions, $2 per semester = One large guacamole at Felicita's

Constituency Groups, $2 per semester = Two condoms from the bathroom dispenser

Native Student Union, $2 per semester = One hot chocolate at Bean There

Ombudsperson, $1.50 per semester = One package of Ricola cough drops at People's Drugstore

The Women's Centre, $0.95 per semester = One small slushie and a licorice at the Munchie Bar



Daycare assistance fund, $1 per semester = One cash machine bank transaction fee

International Student Award, Daniel Jacobs Bursary and WUSC, all 50 cents per semester = One small side salsa at Felicita's

Compiled by Suzanne Beaubien

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No more. We're taking a stand.

And, just to make sure we don't lay one of these duds on you in the future, we're getting it out of our system here and now. One all-purpose, generic editorial.

Pick an issue, fill in the blanks and there's your editorial.

If you like you can photocopy a stack of them and write your own editorial every week. Fill it out now and drop it off at the Martlet *office. Maybe you'll win a prize.*

It's _____ Week. A time for the campus community and the rest of the city to think about something we don't give enough thought to. Unless we're _____.

_____: At one time or another, all UVic students have faced it. Or thought about it. Some of us have even _____. Occasionally, two-at-a-time.

We must remember that there is no shame in ____, no matter what our _____ try to tell us.

We must be strong.

Not only those of us who _____, but those of us who live and work with _____ people.

Above all, _____ Week is about people. People who need people. People who _____ are the luckiest people. And yes, Virginia, _____ are people, too.

An old friend of mine once told me an illuminating story: "My wife is so _____," he said, "that she can't even walk into the bathroom if she's not carrying a _____."

Funny? Yes, but also tragic.

But then how do we define "normal"? Is it the man on the bus with the _____ in his coat? The children who play in the schoolyard, while thousand of miles away, people _____ in the name of _____?

It's not that simple.

There are no cut-and-dry rules when the subject of _____ comes up. I bet you feel awkward right now, just seeing the word on the page.

Here it comes again: _____.

Once more: _____. *Why does it embarrass you?*

Put yourself in the shoes of someone who is _____ or who might have _____ with a _____ over a period of time. As Elvis once sang, "Walk a mile in my shoes." Of course if he'd been talking about _____, he might have said "Walk a mile in my _____."

How many _____ will have to _____ before you, the TV-worshipping public-at-large, tear yourselves from watching *American Idol* and recognize that _____ is happening.

Here.

Now.

There could even be one on your block!

Get used to it. If she extracts herself from her current difficulties, maybe Martha Stewart could offer some tips on _____ for the holidays. With parchment paper. Just remember to shellac your _____ in time for Christmas Eve! Ho ho ho, indeed!

Remember when Huey Lewis told us it was "Hip to be Square"? Well, did Huey ever consider that it might also be hip to be _____?

Possibly.

However, considering that he is reputedly endowed with such an enormous _____, it's unlikely that Mr. Lewis would have to concern himself with such matters.

How would Gordon Campbell react if Glen Clark asked him to borrow a _____ for, say, a week-to-10 days? And how does Glen Campbell figure into all this? Let's just say, there'll be a load of compromisin' on the road to his _____.

This is cutting-edge stuff. Alternative journalism. Are we scaring you with our cutting-edge coverage of shocking issues?

You bet we are. We're very _____.

We pride ourselves on freaking out all the L-7 people who populate this city. We're not afraid to say words like _____ or _____. And check this one out: _____. We're going to get some letters about that! We are so freaking hip, because we're down with _____.

It's time to grow up. It's 2002. Dare to be _____. Take a walk on the wild side. Or, in this case, on the _____ side!

Who knows? You might enjoy it.

And the next time you see a tree, remember – it might just be someone's _____. Think before you judge. And wash your _____ before you _____.

So the next time you're having tea at the Empress – which is what everyone in this very-white, very-British town does every day, we assume – don't forget that there's a small group of people who are much hipper than you. And that's why we're all about _____. And _____ Week.

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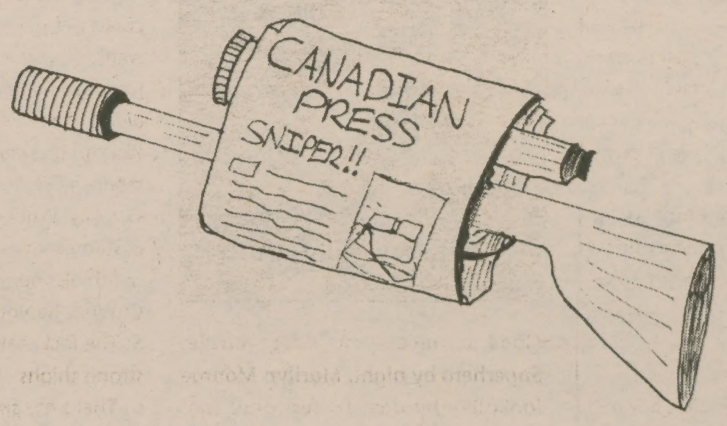
Soapbox

Sniper steals Canuck headlines

by Norman Ed Baskerville

For the better part of the last two weeks, the "Beltway sniper" has kept Canadian-based news stories under the gun.

The sniper story dominated the front page of nearly every Canadian newspaper. Friday's *National Post* dedicated the first 17 pages exclusively to sniper-related stories. I suppose the two Canadians held hostage in a Moscow theatre with 500 other people by Chechen rebels was deemed less relevant to Canadians than the news that the alleged sniper had been apprehended?



With the possible exception of the sociopathic fringes of society who collect serial-killer trading cards, everyone should be mortified by the senseless murders attributed to the D.C. sniper.

All agreed? Dandy.

Accepting then that it is an innately human characteristic to be drawn to tragic events, it is justifiable for the sniper to garner some Canadian coverage. In the United States, the sniper situation has relevance beyond morbid curiosity. It rings yet another bell for a real change in their gun control policy and forces the land of the free to judge their own society, rather than judge other, unnamed Middle-Eastern societies.

But how does a mass murder south of the border affect Canadians? Apart from those with friends or relatives residing in Maryland or those planning a visit, there is no relevance to Canada. Unless we have, without my knowledge, become the 52nd State. Socially and politically, like it or not, we are kin to the U.S., but we have as of yet to marry our cousin, so to speak.

Of course, the obvious justification of the coverage is that "people are interested, so give the people what they want." But would we be as interested in the sniper if the Canadian media, both television and press, hadn't been re-printing and re-broadcasting U.S. news reports as if the Maryland shootings had occurred in Toronto or Vancouver?

This type of media concentration on events non-relevant to Canadians isn't new. Monica Lewinsky's cigar trick and O.J. Simpson's missing glove are only two examples of the Canadian media sensationalizing a foreign country's news event in order to make a profit.

In some respects we've come to expect sell-out reporting from television, but the press is supposed to live up to the ideal of serving the public interest by presenting relevant information to the reader.

The proliferation of Canadian coverage given to the sniper story does inform the reader, in the same manner as tabloid gossip, but fails to serve the public interests of the citizens of this country.

When we read our so-called national newspaper, we shouldn't have to wait until page 18 to read Canadian news.

Token Hallowe'en article

Fright gloves and butter knives

by Craig Battle

In third grade I dressed up as Freddy Krueger. Mainstream, yeah, sure, but oh, when I tell you this you are going to believe me, *I was the first to do it.*

There are others who will say they dressed as Freddy first, but they are liars. Tell them to take a number.

Sure, this was in 1988 or so that I put on the costume, and *Nightmare on Elm Street* came out, what, four years earlier, but maybe everyone else was slow to catch up.

Let me reiterate: I was the first.

I did it before anyone, so early in fact that I had to make my own Fright Glove™ out of mittens and butter knives, or batting gloves and butter knives, something like that. It was homemade.

I was the first one. Don't you forget that.

Now you can buy a Fright Glove™ in any import shop in the world. Masks, too. You think for a second, *don't, just don't,* that I wore a mask when I walked from classroom to classroom in the annual Seaview School Hallowe'en Hallway Parade as Freddy? Ha. I laugh at you. My mom and I made those scars by hand, friend.

It is no wonder I have troubles with Hallowe'en.

Then, when Batman was huge in the fall of 1989, I was the first to go as Joker. There was that other kid, sure, who paled (*get it? The Joker is white as a ghost!*) in comparison to me, his almost-purple suit, his not-quite-right make-up. You've seen it a million times.

My costume won awards. Well, that's not true. There were no awards in the Hallway Parade, although if there were, I would have swept them. *Most accurate.* Definitely. *Most original.* Why not?

The costume was so good my fourth grade teacher, one of the two, Mrs. Nash, borrowed it from me for a Hallowe'en party the following weekend.

Note: I was a big kid.

The following year I went as Dick Tracy. Black hairspray under the lid of a yellow fedora, you know I have seen things. The year after that, sixth grade, maybe I was too cool for the Parade, but then again, maybe I went as Spiderman.

Who knows?

The point is this: I was the first to dress up as Freddy Krueger for Hallowe'en. And, I mean, it's not a huge deal. I'm not going to get all upset about it if someone wants to contest the title. But let me tell you this: unlike most of you, I can make a Fright Glove™ with *real* butter knives.

Think before you act, friends.

And, hey, eat no candy without first checking with your parents. There are some crazies out there.

[2002/2003]
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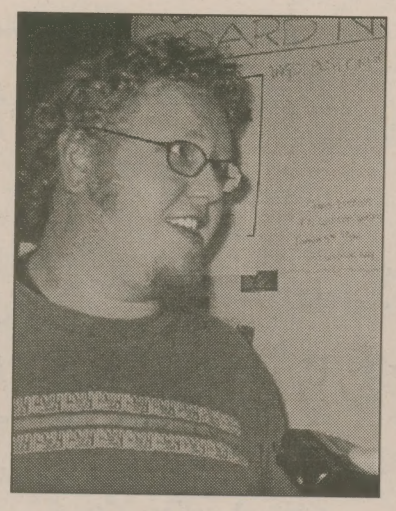
on the spot

Vindicated by Craig Battle, Robin Platts and Jocelyn Beyak

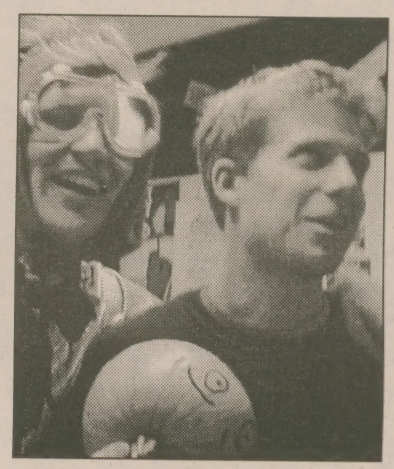
If you could have a superpower, what would it be?

Good to meet you. Craig Battle. Superhero by night. Marilyn Monroe lookalike by day. Professional fool 24/7.



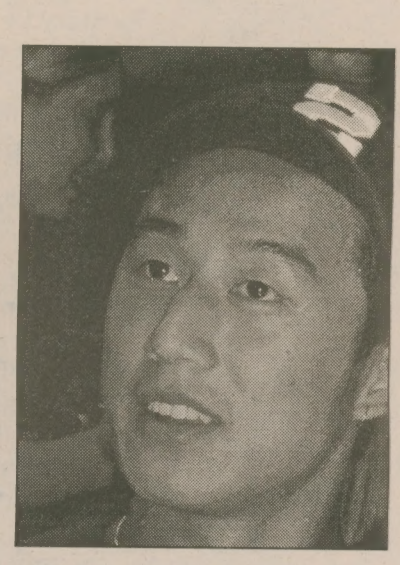
Scott Payne
3rd year Philosophy

S: It'd have to be flying.
C: Why is that?
S: Then you could go anywhere. I could go on vacation right now. I could get the hell out of this office if I wanted.
[*our reporter laments the fact that he didn't answer, "You have that power. You can do whatever you want. Fly, man. Fly."*]
C: Okay. What do you think of my costume?
S: I think your costume is fantastic.
C: What do you like about it?
S: The fact that it accentuates your strong thighs.
C: That's my super power. Strong thighs.



Jonas Gifford
UVSS Director of Finance

J: These On the Spots have gotten a lot more frivolous over the years. It used to be, "How do you feel about Iraq?"
R: [*pause*] So what would your superpower be?
J: You got me.
R: The power of fiscal responsibility? To leap over deficits in a single bound?
J: [*pause*] Can I be the Princess of Power?



Vince Phan
2nd year Sciences

R: So how exactly would looking at people be aided by the flying and the x-ray vision?
V: I'd go by the cities. Mostly ladies around there.
R: So you'd fly to locations and then look through people's clothing.
V: Definitely. Definitely.
C: What would your name be? Your superhero name.
V: I think I'd be, uh, [*censored*].
[*nervous laughter sweeps the cafeteria*]
R: Are you sure you want to say that? You sure you don't want to think Voyeur Man or something?
V: Sure, I could be him. Boy Voyeur.

People write us letters. We print them.

Spare a square for Olaf

I ask you all this:

Who has not, in a moment of forgetfulness or haste, sat down without making sure there is a sufficient roll of Teddy-Bear-Soft? I'm sure everyone's done it.

So, it must be asked: What is a person to do next?

This is a question that presently plagues each and every citizen in our great city. There are, these destitute days, no easy answers.

But in the past it was different. Only months ago, if faced with such a predicament, the embarrassing prospect of scooching, gochies-to-the-ankles, peaking around corners to the nearest toilet-paper-equipped bathroom would not have crossed anyone's mind.

This is why I feel the municipal, or B.C., or, shoot, the whole stinkin' federal government, who claims to do things in the best interest of citizens, should take action to make life as uncomplicated as it used to be.

Now, I don't even pretend to understand the issues surrounding the whole *Times-Colonist* strike, but I DO know that somewhere in the Canadian Charter of Lavatory Related Rights and Freedoms, it directly states that every household has the inherent Right to Possess Backup Literature, if you know what I mean.

Who reads the Business section, anyway? Nobody I know!

But wait! I don't mean to slight journalists and their literature in any way.

In fact, using journalism for hygienic purposes only confirms its importance.

Besides, it was a good party trick to have Campbell's face news-printed on your derriere.

I don't know, Jean Chrétien... A solution must be found!

This sickening neglect of the CCLRRF must stop!

Olaf Stime

Materialistic misogynist strikes back

Dear L. Warbeck,

Although your letter (printed Oct.17) indicates otherwise, my article "Sexless in the City" (Oct.10) was intended to entertain, not incense. Your letter, on the other hand, first entertained, then incensed me.

I hope that the fact that *the Martlet* has printed your response convinces you that it is by no means a misogynist paper. As the contrast between your letter and my article illustrates, there is great diversity within groups. Although (as I presume) you and I are, or have been, unattached women with feminist convictions, we differ greatly on the definition of feminism, as well as what we want in life. I believe in a feminism that expands the sometimes narrow set of choices offered to women by society, rather than simply replacing it with one that is equally limited, albeit opposite.

Which explains why your letter reads to me like a cautionary tale of how social causes can sometimes turn into conformist regimes. Likewise, there is nothing more restrictive and hypocritical, not to mention unsisterly, (than) a woman condemning another woman's choices in the name of freedom.

In other words, I do not believe that to feel lonely, or to yearn for someone to share my life with, makes me a slave to patriarchy. Whether you would like to admit it or not, L.Warbeck, we can all relate to the universal and very human emotion of loneliness, as well as the desire to be loved, or just being in a rut, whether we are male or female, gay or straight. And although my article did not show this, I am not waiting for a man to define me. Rather, at 27, I finally know enough about myself to be ready to consider the idea of a soul mate. There have been many times when I have been single by choice and loved it. I guess human beings are as fluid as groups are diverse.

I'm afraid you misunderstood when you assumed I meant that being "married, pregnant, or having kids" would solve all my problems. On the contrary, having worked with children, and families for more than ten years, I realize that the three conditions present their set of challenges as well as joys. Likewise, having derived immeasurable joy, love, support, and fulfillment from my own parents and sister, I know all too well the happiness and chaos that family can bring into one's life. Are there not other reasons to want to find someone to love and have children than to cure loneliness or define oneself? And though (you'll be happy to know) that I now have a busy and fulfilling life, not one of my hobbies is as important or rewarding as my loved ones are.

Finally, publishing my article was not an effort to "have men worldwide flocking to [my] open arms." Au contraire, ma soeur, it was simply an effort to be a published writer. Sorry, I didn't include that in my article. It wouldn't exactly have been relevant. Or humorous, for that matter.

In any case, if getting dates were my goal in printing my article, there's always the personals. And thanks to your letter, L.Warbeck, I now have some buzzwords to capture my essence:

MATERIALISTIC MISOGYNIST SEEKS PENIS TO FILL MY VOID

My future husband and children thank you from the bottom of our shallow, patriarchal hearts.

Suzanne Munroe

***Martlet* inaccurate**

I take *great* exception to the article, or any article, that *falsely* characterizes me as having made UVic my home the last 20 years: it allows *the Martlet* the unanswered leverage over its subject/object, reader, and reciprocally it reduces the party, myself, to the perception that THAT media shapes. I ask that this be published as is, intact, belatedly one week.

Peter Verin

Dyke-o-Rama 2002:

An insider's report on the lurid dyke underbelly

story by Frances Mahon
photos by Jocelyn Beyak

Zoë and I are on the number 14 bus, on the top deck, bitching.

Bitching about relationships, assignments for school. About how weird it is to live in a very small lesbian/bisexual feminist bubble at straight UVic. About how bizarre it is in general to be a fag at all, when TV, movies, parents, friends, everything, is STRAIGHT, STRAIGHT, STRAIGHT.

Heteros don't need the capital letters. Straight culture doesn't even need to define itself as non-fag, because it's assumed. Queers are the ones who are shouting, "We're fucking *here* all right, stand up and pay attention." And we need to – heteros know that they're here, that they dominate.

Some heteros would have me believe that queers are taking over – that the straight majority is being discriminated against by a fag minority, that they have lost their voice...

It must be nice to have a voice to lose.

Zoë says, "Let them hear you, then. Tell them how lesbian is not normal, but normal for you."

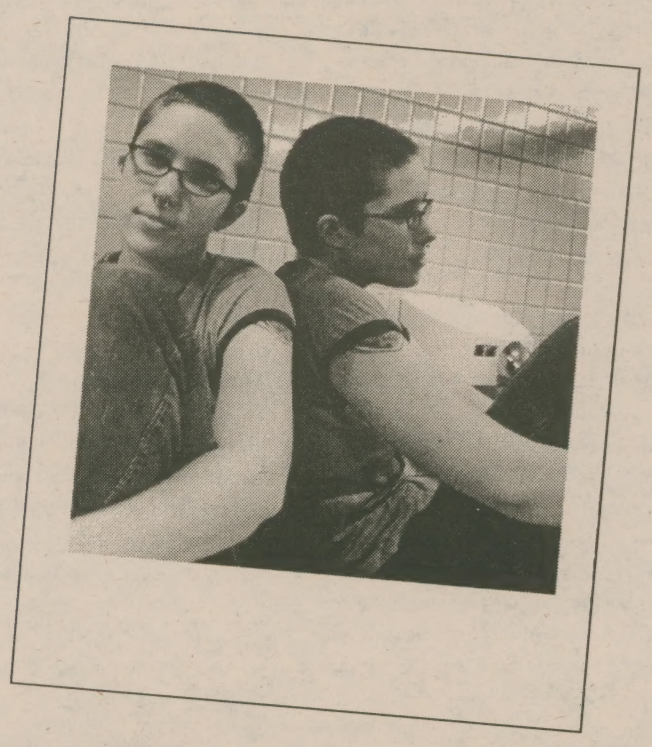
So I start to tell her, in my loudmouth voice that turns a few disapproving and uncomfortable heads in our direction. That's fine; I'm used to it by now.

Frances "Bulldog" Mahon, indeed.

Being in the dyke march in Toronto, or anywhere – thousands of tough-shit women, all laughing, singing, dancing and all so very proud. This is being lesbian.

Taking off Pride pins before job interviews or meeting potential landlords, out of fear that I won't get the job/apartment if they know I'm a dyke. This is being lesbian.

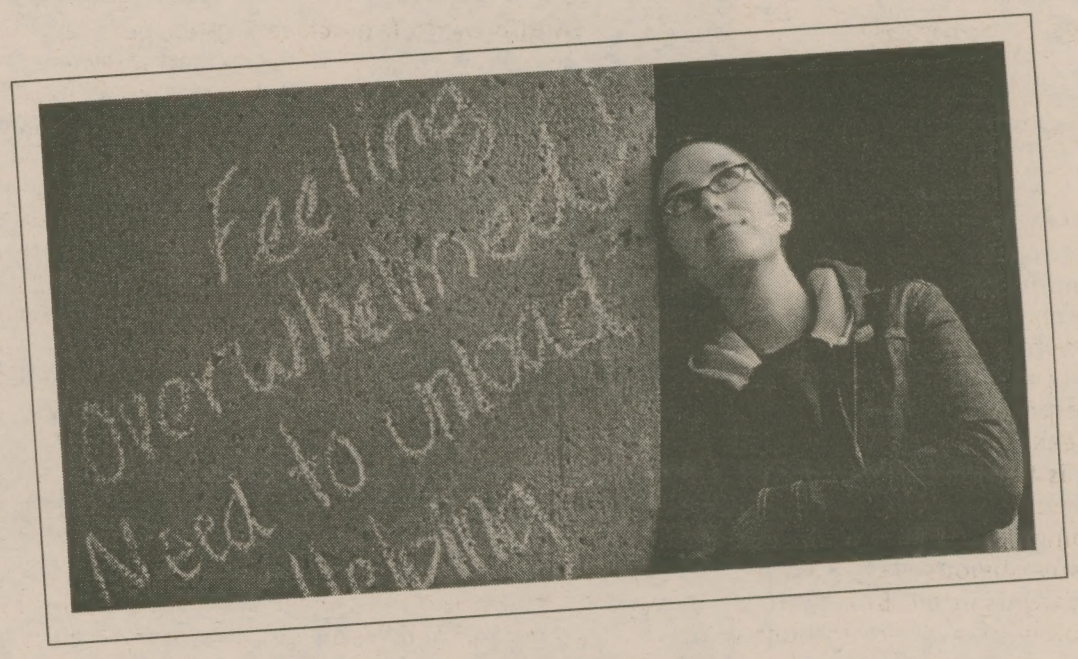
And for you smartasses out there who have said that all I needed to set me straight was a "real" man: Getting fucked, hard, by some unknown girl up against the sink in the bathroom of some shitty bar in Toronto. Her hand shoves inside me so deep (gasp!) that I can feel my cunt sucking her whole arm in and up and her fist and her fist, oh, and her fist reaches some strong girl part inside of me that twists and groans in unspeakable pleasure. This is also being lesbian.



This is just my story, how being a dyke is *my* normal life.

There are so many other stories, from so many women. This is just my story. This is not the inside scoop of lesbian life. Sorry. I lied. The truth is that there isn't one universal story. We aren't all the same, but similar things happen to a lot of dykes.

The straight world isn't usually that creative in its scared backlash against queers. Not that I'm inviting or



encouraging creative expressions of homophobia from those sometimes not-so-sweet heteros out there... by no means all of you – I have no wish to generalize, and plenty of you are indeed helpful and loving allies.

An irritatingly cheesy (though accurate) hold-over-from-second-wave-feminism phrase frequently comes to mind:

The personal is political.

This means that sometimes the little things in your life are shared by a lot of people, and a political structure emerges from the common threads. For example, when hundreds of lesbian women are told they can't keep their babies, or adopt a child, it becomes very political. And this can be a position of power that results from oppression: the more of us you piss off and try to hurt, the more we will fight back.

Saying "they," "them," "person," "partner," etc. For example: "I used to go out with this person. I really loved them. They really knew how to fuck me." This is called the pronoun game, and is something I really try to avoid, though it's often necessary. This is being lesbian.

Watching lesbian porn intended, primarily, for a straight male audience, and wondering why the women have such long pointy fingernails. My insides feel squeamish at the thought; I mean, really. Ouch! My fingernails are short, lovelies, and so should yours be if you have any intention of thrusting them inside any waiting and willing juicy cunt. This is being lesbian.

Dating boys, obsessively, throughout high school and wondering what the big deal was about sex. And then sleeping with a woman for the first time and figuring it out. This is being lesbian.

Yesterday in Sinister Wisdom (this is a lesbian studies class, for those of you not in women's studies and/or unaware that such a thing exists), we talked about the problems and benefits of queerness being assimilated into straight culture. Being defined as Straight or Not-Straight.

When you define yourself as Not-Straight, as Other, as Deviant, one of the many dangers is that you might be reaffirming the dominance of Straight as "Normal" and "Natural." And being assimilated means suddenly finding yourself part of an oppressive mainstream that you don't particularly trust. And there's been reason for distrust when you think of the past several hundred years (a thousand, really, at least) that have seen queer 'ancestors' being burnt at the stake by the same oppressive mainstream. Now the mainstream is disguised as those lovelies who say things like:

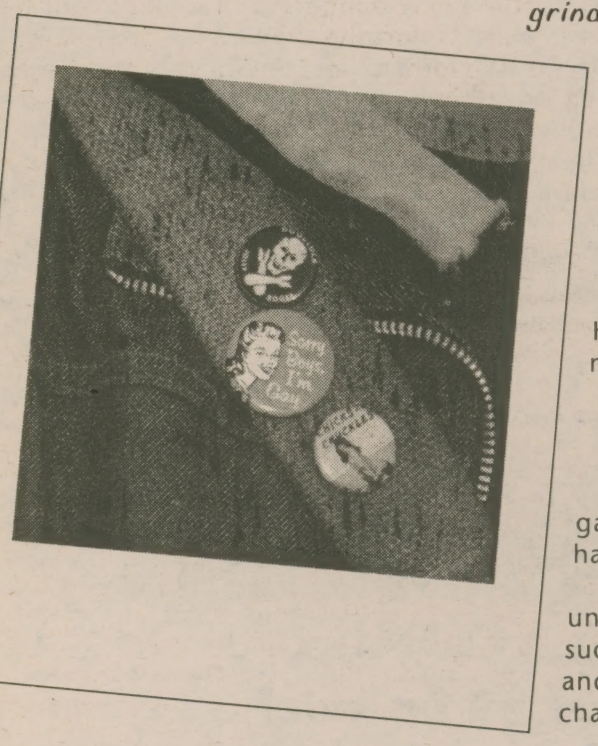
"Well I'm not homophobic, but: why do they have to be so public about it?" "No faggot better come on to me." "How do lesbians have sex?" "It's just not natural," etc., etc.

I said – and I really think this despite the obvious contradictions and flaws – that the straight, patriarchal, middle-class, dominant majority being what it

is, I am quite happy to be Other, to be Deviant. I have absolutely no interest in becoming part of a world that has no interest in me other than as icky loudmouth dyke anomaly, or as lurid male sexual fantasy.

The problem is that as much as I love to speak and live from the margins, the truth is that political structures in mainstream have an awkward way of deciding my fate in certain aspects, and in many obvious ways I am not part of the margins at all. Being white gives me a whole whack of advantages that I can't avoid or reject, no matter how much I might work at being anti-racist.

Being a student at university gives me advantages, too. And coming from an educated family of intelligentsia. Growing up, I was expected by my family to question everything, relentlessly, when a lot of kids I knew grew up without even a book in the house, much less pressure to question what they read and saw.



So am I really speaking from the margins? Can I really call myself Other? I don't have the answers to these questions, but they certainly need to be asked. The idea of a Queer Nation is both compelling and comforting, but does not come without problems.

Not even being able to imagine how hard it must be for dykes of colour, when it's this hard already for me, the white girl who could pass as straight. This is being lesbian.

Checking out tits with my male friends. Sometimes being a dyke makes me one of the boys. Sometimes this bothers me, sometimes it doesn't. This is being lesbian.

And how do I, much less other people, deal with the fact that I've had a few (just a few) lovely and most pleasurable encounters of the sexual kind with, omigod, men? Well, the label of lesbian is useful in that it describes how I feel politically, not necessarily how I always am. It incorporates aspects of feminism that is essential to my everyday life, and distinguishes me from a universal Queer that may privilege the boys and lose sight of the girls.

Being punched in the face, shoved into the closet of my apartment in Toronto, and raped by my boyfriend of two years for being a "fucking dyke bitch" and then having various friends tell me that it isn't rape when it's your boyfriend. This is being lesbian.

I have a straight mom. This is being lesbian.

Holding the girl I love for the first time, really holding her, and feeling her shiver under me, this shiver more articulate then the fumbling words of confession we have just uttered. I think I am falling in love with you. Me, too, I mean, obviously. And kissing, kissing, feeling her thigh grind into my cunt, feeling her breasts press heavily into mine, and being in the middle of campus in the middle of the day, and not giving a fuck, we are so taken over by this, the newness, the sex, the love. This is being lesbian.

Here are some of the things my mom said when I came out to her:

You just have issues with men.

Therapy will fix it.

What about babies?

You should pretend you're not gay, it will be easier, people won't hate you, won't beat you up.

As these stock responses rained unexpectedly upon me, I felt like I suddenly wasn't Frances anymore and that our relationship had changed, irrevocably. Which it had

and so had I, but not really that much in the end. My mom is my mom, and I love my mom very much, for the record.

But, you know, sometimes love requires a great deal of careful conversation, and a lot of explanation around the facts that most women, straight or otherwise (and men too, for that matter) have issues with men. That therapy isn't going to change a fucking thing. That I still have functioning ovaries, as far as I know.

And, most importantly, that the closet can be a place of refuge, certainly, but it is also a place of suffocation and denial.

Given the choice, I would never change that I've grown up to be a crusading lover of woman. I thank my fairy godmother every day for wishing such a glorious fate upon me: Women are so beautiful, so fucking smart, and so very, very strong. Being comrades and lovers with them is the most amazing aspect of my life.

You don't have to be "born" a dyke to enjoy the various pleasures, sexual and otherwise, of love between women. Nor do you have to commit yourself to a life of political action and lesbian feminism (though it often helps).

My challenge for you straight women is to start thinking about what the word "straight" means for you and complicate the idea of your "natural" sexuality. Sex is a choice, after all. And a potentially beautiful one. Don't close doors before you've thought about what's behind them, or seen the other side. Am I recruiting? Well, um, yes, I suppose I am.

And a last word to you gorgeous dykes, lesbians, queer ladies, butches, two-spirited, femmes, trans, bi and whatever else out there that see the beauty of women loving women: we're all lucky fuckers and the joke is on the people who think we're not.

With love and sloppy kisses,
Frances

**Dedicated to the beautiful Aislinn, and to Debby Yaffe, who wants, among other things, to see more dykes making out on campus. (That's a challenge, and an order, ladies.)*

An-Tegan-Istic: Sara gets drunk and Ryan Adams dodges beer bottles

by Jeff Andrew

photo submitted

"We want it to fuckin' rock."

That was the driving philosophy behind *If It Was You*, the new album from Canadian folk-rockers Tegan and Sara. Recorded on Galiano Island with producers John Collins and Dave Carswell (who have also produced albums by the New Pornographers and the Smugglers), *If It Was You* is a major step forward for the twin axe-slingers. From the loud rock riffs of "Time Running" to the splash of bluegrass on "Living Room," the album overflows with raw, crunchy guitars and shiny pop hooks.

The sisters, who have toured extensively across Canada, Europe, and the U.S., arrive in Victoria Nov. 1 to kick off their Canadian tour. Tegan called *the Martlet*'s office last week from Los Angeles, where she and Sara are on the road with Ryan Adams.

Martlet: So your other releases have been mostly acoustic, but your new album's all about rock and roll. Why the change?

Tegan: Well, I felt our last record was a rock and roll record. The songs were written that way. It was just played with acoustics. I mean, Sara and I played in loud punk bands in high school. When we got to be musicians as adults, there just wasn't a lot of money to have a band.

We signed with a small label, and they were encouraged by the fact that we could play shows just by ourselves.

This time, when we got in the studio with John and Dave, we said "We want it to fuckin' rock. We want to make it impossible for us to tour without a band."

M: Who wrote the big riffs?

T: It depends. Some of it was John and Dave, some of it was us. "Time Running" is mine.

M: Yeah, that's my favourite song on the album. I also like "Living Room." Is that a banjo or a dobro playing the main part?

T: It's a banjo. Those are both my songs. I wanted to cut them from the record, 'cause I didn't think they fit, but now I like them. They stand out.

M: How's the tour going? You're not still taking the Greyhound, are you?

T: (laughs) No, that was just that one horrible tour. It was definitely a brutal trip. When we got to Kingston, we rented a car. Our tour manager was crying. Now we're travelling with a 15-passenger bus.

M: So you two grew up in Calgary, but now you live in Vancouver, and you recorded the album on Galiano Island. What's up? Are you guys turning into hippies?

T: No, I just wanted to move to Vancouver. We figured we needed to be in a bigger city than Calgary, but I didn't want to go to Toronto. We've got family on the island. It's kind of our second home.

We were feeling kind of anti-East Coast, anti-Toronto and New York, and that feeling that we had to be there to make it as musicians. So moving to Vancouver was kind of our silent protest against that.

M: How was Galiano Island?

T: Oh, it was so great. John Collins' parents have a place there. We were right on the ocean recording the album, and it was raining constantly and there were these big storms... It was unreal.

We spent a lot of time just sitting around, having a good time, everyone getting drunk...well, except us.

M: You guys don't party much?

T: No. Well, Sara gets drunk once in a while, but I can't do it. I mean, when I was a kid I'd get fuckin' drunk, but now, it's like... being on tour feels like work. I don't want to get all messed up.

M: So you're touring with Ryan Adams now. Is he going to do any shows with you up here?

T: Uh, Ryan Adams doesn't tour in Canada. He said he did a show in Vancouver once when he was with Whiskeytown, and someone threw a beer bottle at his violinist.

M: I see. So he doesn't come up here at all?

T: Well, he said [he] wouldn't mind coming up to do some acoustic shows with us, but... I don't know.

He's not the only one, though. Down here [in the U.S.] you tend to forget Canada exists. It's like it's off the radar or something. And there's so many musicians who just can't be bothered to go there. We're just like, "Hey, we're doing a 26-date headlining tour (in Canada). You guys are the ones missing out."

M: You guys toured with Neil Young a while back. How was that?

T: It was good. Lots of fun. The Pretenders were there, too. It was our first touring experience, and it basically got it stuck in stone for us that we have to be adults if we want to do well at this.

I think that's why we don't party, and we're not stuck up, and our rider just has a couple of cans of Coke on it. We're not pretentious. And when we meet musicians who are, who are just drunk and fucked up all the time, I just laugh. 'Cause people like Neil Young, you know, they're not like that. They're very real, very genuine. Totally honest people.

M: Did Neil give you any sage advice about the Canadian music industry?

T: His words to us were "Don't worry about Canada. They'll follow you wherever you go." And he fixed it for us so that we own our album in Canada (note: the girls are now signed to Neil's label, Vapor Records). We kind of lease it to Universal, and we're the ones making money off it.

So that gives us the freedom to be international artists. We don't owe any [record labels] money in Canada. But a lot of bands do, and I think they get stuck having to play here, and they never make it anywhere else. Whereas we're able to tour in Europe, and in the United States...I mean, we'll always come home, but there's no pressure here. There's no bad taste.

No matter what happens, things are good here.

M: Are the audiences in Europe and the States much different from the ones in Canada?

T: Well, in Europe they're very excitable. It was great being an opening band there. In the States there's definitely a different vibe... I find Canadian audiences tend to be more polite. Although, I know most American bands who come up here say the opposite. They've all got stories about some horrible show they played in Vancouver, or wherever.

I like playing in the States, but to come back and play a sold-out tour in Canada is unreal.

M: So what's your favourite place to go in Victoria?

T: I don't know. I just love Victoria! It's always a fuckin' great show. We try to start our tour there every time.

M: It's cool that you come all the way out here. Lots of bands just do Vancouver and don't bother with the Island.

T: Yeah, well, it's not for geographic reasons, you know? We could easily start our tour in Vancouver, but we love playing Victoria.

M: There's also bands like Fishbone, who come out here and don't even stop in Victoria. They were here a few weeks ago, and the only show they did was in Tofino.

T: We've toured with Fishbone. They're a wicked band.

M: I know. I saw them in Toronto a few years ago, opening for Stone Temple Pilots and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. They kicked ass, even though the venue was basically just using them for a soundcheck.

T: (laughs) Yeah, we've been that band. Just there for the soundcheck! Hah. No more.

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Sun. Nov.3 **Fubar** and **Creep'r**

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Students of colour offer alternative coffeehouse verse

by Debbie Willis

When was the last time you walked into a cozy coffee shop and saw a woman dancing in the corner, rapping and singing about male tarts and goldiggas? It doesn't happen every day, but that was the scene that greeted patrons of the Moka House last Friday night.

The event was A Night of Poetry, put on by UVic's Students of Colour Collective (SCC). An audience of more than 30 people cuddled up next to the fireplace to hear the words of poets Wil George, Karina Vernon, Adam Rudder, and Kita.

"We want to highlight poets who are not mainstream," says Rubina Sidhu, one of the organizers of the event.

The night began with local poet Adam Rudder, who is completing his master's degree in history at UVic. Rudder entertained the audience with observations about the silly comments he gets about his dreadlocks, and read a longer piece about his trip to Ghana, called "Flesh-Eaters."

Karina Vernon, who is completing her PhD in English at UVic, read poetry that she published in the anthology *Bluesprint: Black British Columbian Literature and Culture*, and a powerful prose piece called "Scar Tissue," which dealt with her "hyphenated identity" as an African-Canadian.

Wil George, a creative writing and English major at UVic, read his First Nations-themed poetry. The poems he read dealt with what he calls "cultural connection and disconnection," but they were not all coming from "a place of pain." George's writing was often darkly funny, like his "Love Poems to Raven," a series in which his speaker addresses the "sexy" bird, saying, "I want to be your swanky Indian man."

Lastly, the audience was treated to something completely different – spoken-word poet, rapper, and singer Kita, who originates from Fiji, and now lives in Vancouver. With her funky moves, smooth voice, and ultra-confident manner, Kita was the antithesis of the common perception of "Can-lit." She spoke from memory, and even though technical problems meant there was no back-up music, Kita got loud applause, and even louder laughter, from the crowd.

Kita's poems and songs focused mostly on male-female relationships, like the fun "Dear Nick," about "just another male tart," or the song "Gold Digger" (which Kita insisted on pronouncing "Goooooldigga!"), in which she proclaims "I am hoping to be the woman rich men seek, not for baser pleasures, but for something more complete!"

This was the first poetry reading presented by the SCC, and Sidhu was pleased with the event. She promises that the Collective will put on similar events in the future, hopefully including other art forms.

"It's important to bring arts back to our culture," said Sidhu. "These poets were speaking on personal and political levels. There has to be a space for that."

For more information on the SCC, e-mail: socolour@uvic.ca

photo by Alison MacDonald

A plethora of poets and patrons came to support the reading put on by the Students of Colour Collective

Life during wartime: *Mary's Wedding* digs deep

photo by Lindsey Wiebe

Mary's Wedding: A microscope for human behaviour.

by Katrina Sark

Some of the most remarkable stories are set in times of war. There is something about catastrophic circumstances that brings out the best and the worst in people.

The upcoming Belfry Theatre production, *Mary's Wedding*, exemplifies the emotions and circumstances that can arise during wartime. The new drama, by Stephen Massicotte, is set during the First World War. It has won the Best New Play award at Calgary's Betty Mitchell Theatre Awards, and will be produced at more than seven theaters this season.

On the night before her wedding, the title character, Mary, relives the details of her love affair with the farm boy Charlie. A series of flashbacks reveal the key moments of their relationship.

The play promises a combination of sad and uplifting elements (true to the Greek concept of catharsis). The minimalist set keeps the audience focused on the characters.

"Most of my work on a play is figuring how to take an idea that's boring and make it a blast emotionally," says Massicotte. "To make people think, you have to engage their souls. Like in a relationship, you have to ease into it, and earn their trust, and as soon as everyone is ready, give them everything you've got."

Massicotte ensures that the play explores the limits of human strength and perseverance under times of stress.

"Terrible as the wars were, they serve as a microscope for human behaviour from which we can learn," says Massicotte. "In times of extreme duress, unmistakable examples of human capacity for cruelty and compassion come to light. It is this combination of human greatness and failure that I can't seem to shake off."

Mary's Wedding runs Oct. 29-Nov.24.

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Jorane: Dimensions that words cannot touch

by Sarah Petrescu

Jorane is a goddess.

The cellist-chanteuse from Quebec City is garnering exponential praise for her unique and ethereal style of music.

Her ambient sound mixes innovative cello with voice. Her enigmatic presence and passionate music have a raw intensity rarely seen in cellists or vocalists. Jorane's first works, *Le Vent Fou* and *16m*, use vocals completely without words. Her free-form approach melds a variety of styles – from rock to jazz, classical and blues – with her dreamy, lush vocals.

"I use the voice as an instrument," she says. "Music is its own language. With it we can touch dimensions that words cannot touch."

Jorane's recent work incorporates both vocals and words, something that she feels enhances her developing style.

"This music is not something that imposes," says Jorane. "It suggests."

Jorane began playing music in high school when she picked up the guitar and piano. She was introduced to the cello at age 19, and began a kindred relationship with the instrument.

"When I touched the cello it was closer to me than any other instrument," Jorane says. "I wanted to give when I played – it was so much easier for me to express myself. The singing just came naturally with it."

Jorane likes to experiment with her music. She plays with a variety of groups, including a band that she tours with. She also writes lyrics, in both English and French, with a close friend.

Jorane has recently released a live album that she feels accurately captures her essence as a performer. She is currently working on a fourth album.

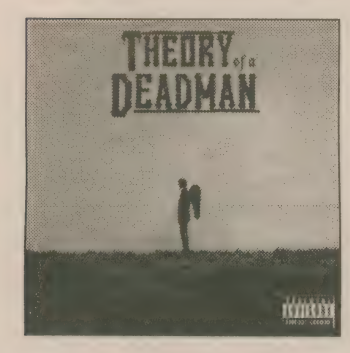
"This album will be more ambient," she says, "I will play [the new songs] on the tour. I wanted new songs for this show, more groovy songs."

Jorane brings her hypnotic and satiating music to Lucky Bar on Nov. 4.

photo submitted

Ethereal French-Canadian musician Jorane asleep at the, uh, wheel

Why I hate Nickelback: one man's treatise



Theory of a Deadman
604Records/
Universal

by Jeff Andrew

I've got something to say: Nickelback pisses me off.

Their songs are boring, their guitars are weak, and their stupid lyrics burn a shallow, meaningless hole in my brain. To put it in three words or less, they fucking suck. The worst part is that these days, they seem to be everywhere. Like a bad skin rash.

I heard of a recent poll where Chad Kroeger was voted "Ugliest Man In Rock." Makes sense to me. My problem, though, isn't the dark-haired goatee, or the pale yellow curls, or the striking, hideous clash between the two. No, what kills me is that Kroeger isn't content with being a boring, ugly rock singer. He's decided he has to get into A&R as well.

Last year, he gave all kinds of unnecessary exposure to Default, apparently operating on the premise that his shitty band's current popularity gives him the right to inflict an even shittier band on the ears of the nation.

Fuckin' asshole.

Now he's brought us another batch of lame-o bland-rock in the form of Theory Of A Deadman. Their self-titled album was produced and co-written by Kroeger, and – surprise! – it sounds exactly like Nickelback. Which means it sounds like a mix of Alice In Chains, Soundgarden and Stone Temple Pilots, with all the interesting stuff left out.

Looking for themes of death and addiction, quicksand-shifting time signatures, and poetic explorations of the human condition? You won't find them here. The ballsy, shit-kicking guitar riffs and subtly layered acoustics? Also missing. Instead we're given a dull album of sound-alike songs and head-scratching lyrics like "Nothing could come between us, no nothing, nothing/ One of those favourite things that she used to say/ That's just what she said."

Ah, man. There's a hole in my head where Superunknown used to be.

I heard an interview a few months back with one of the guys from Nickelback. He was talking about how Chad Kroeger's songs could be played around a campfire. About how timeless they were.

Timeless? *Please.* Timeless means being seriously compared to Led Zeppelin. It means singing a heroin cry like "Down in a hole, and I don't know that I can be saved," and meaning it.

Timeless is when Johnny Cash covers "Rusty Cage."

These bands won't be around much longer. That's the problem with writing empty, disposable crap: it doesn't last. Eventually the mainstream listeners get sick of you, and move on to the next industry-approved band of the month. Before you know it, copies of your big album are flooding the used-record stores, and you take your place in the dustbin with all the other Hooties.

Meanwhile, those of us who turned the radio off long ago are out searching the unknown, struggling to find music to fill the void.

Fuck, I miss Layne Staley.

The KY Corral

Sheldon & Stoppage are at it again...

Hey Sheldon and Stoppage. Will having sex with a man who is um, very well -endowed ruin me for less-endowed men?
- Naughty Bits

Sheldon: No man has a nine-pound dick. Not in porn movies, not even in your dreams - I hope. Who wants a small pumpkin thrusting in and out anyhow?
Stoppage: [*Shifting uncomfortably in seat*] Um. It's not an image I'd like to dwell on.
Sheldon: With that in mind, women give birth to nine-pound babies all the time and still have great sex afterwards, thanks to the female condition of stretch-and-grow. So if you expect to pass a small pumpkin, or even a child, I wouldn't get worried about being ruined by, um, a super-schlong.
Stoppage: Perhaps the issue here isn't the large dicks. It's the small ones - we're talking thumb-sized here. And if that's your newest conquest, yeah, you might notice a difference from an average or larger-than stud.
Sheldon: But a penis is a willy is a dick - everything works if you take it in stride. So to speak.
Stoppage: If you are saddling up with a small penis, NB, look into some new positions. Variation can do wonders. If you're looking for a tighter feel, try keeping your legs straight and together. To go deeper, a conveniently placed pillow under your butt will do the pelvis-tilt trick.
Sheldon: Nothing's too small, 'cause there are always other options. A hand, finger, tongue, or any combination should ease the inadequacies. Besides, an underhung man is probably going to work a lot harder in bed than a well-endowed one. There's a lot more work and play to be done than your basic in-out-in-out military hop.
Stoppage: Even the teeniest chap can be lethal – if used judiciously.
Sheldon: Yeah – the best sex happens in the head, after all...
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Freeriders crash and burn at Sugar (and still manage to score digits)

photo by Rich Cole

Ryan Leech redefined bar-hopping at Sugar nightclub. Outside, a hot dog vendor had Craig Battle sold on a sausage until he mentioned the price. $3.25? Fuck off.

by Rich Cole

What do you get when you cross a live mountain bike demo, a video screening and a nightclub full of adrenaline-hungry, beer-swilling pedalheads?

Answer: a night of drunken debauchery, fat-tire style.

Russ Hay's The Bicycle Shop pulled out all the stops, and disk brakes, last Friday at Sugar, in helping kick off the first annual Victoria Mountain Bike Film Festival. The opening night gala featured a live technical riding demo by Ryan Leech, possibly the best trials mountain biker on the planet. With John Travolta-style precision, Leech rode a series of obstacles on the dance floor and speakers.

"It was crazy," said Leech, commenting on his performance. "The place was so packed. I had a whole bunch of other stuff set up that I couldn't even get to because of the big crowd."

Dipping into his deep bag of sick tricks, the Vancouver native more than satisfied the screaming crowd with 180s, wheelie-drops and obstacle hops.

A screening of the newly released Freewheel Burning, the third volume of the Fox New World Disorder compilation, followed the riding demo.

Judging from the audience reaction, Burning has once again raised the bar of freeride mountain biking.

Freeriding emerged in the late 90s, when weekend warriors, bored with regular trails, began to build and experiment with ramps, log rides and drops. The pinnacle of freeriding is visible with videos like Burning.

With white knuckles and devilish grins, the nightclub full of backyard Evil Kneivels watched footage of high-speed single track, ramping and dirt jumping. When the legendary Wade Simmons launched 50 feet of vertical drop, plus gapping a monster truck, the crowd roared.

The video was highlighted by wipe-outs, from minor spills to backflips gone wrong. One rider's failed attempt to clear a road gap was caught on tape, and the bone-shattering wipeout was shown frame by frame.

"Definitely some insane stuff," Leech said.

There seems to be no end in sight to the increasing risks taken by the riders on the videos.

The crowd's delight in disaster illustrates what's wrong with freeriding.

Although the risk-taking makes for good footage, riders appear to be risking life and limb for the sake of cash and celluloid.

Leech spoke of the freeriding phenomenon.

"I hope it's ending," he said. "It was a scary summer. Lots of the top riders are getting hurt. I'd like to see the sport progress into a more technical style of riding."

Because almost anyone can ride a bike, and try hucking 50-footers, a growing number of riders are realizing that true precision of the sport lies in the sharpening of technical skills. Leech, a full-on professional athlete, proves a career in technical riding is possible.

A new genre of mountain biking is on the rise, either as a result of hospital bills or the natural evolution of the sport. Many riders are ditching their full suspensions and returning to what Leech calls "hardtailed creativity."

Leech is currently filming another video. You'll be able to see his technical skills on tape with the soon-to-be released Kranked 5.

Vikes hit up Halifax for title shot

by Iain McLetchie

photo by Jennifer Bowles

Halifax: famous for some explosion and the CIS Field Hockey National Championship. Be there.

After coasting through the regular season, the UVic Women's Field Hockey team heads to the CIS Nationals in Halifax this weekend to put their 11-1 record and national number-one ranking to the test against the country's top teams. At St. Mary's University, the Vikes will vie for their tenth championship, and second in three seasons.

The Vikes are led by fourth-year centre-defender Lauren MacLean, who capped off a breakthrough season by winning the Liz Hoffman Trophy for league MVP, and the Gail Wilson Trophy, the conference's Outstanding Contributor Award. MacLean anchors a solid defence that also features goalie Gillian Batey, who allowed a mere five goals all season.

"Gillian has made more saves than last season," says head coach Lynne Beecroft.

"Lauren has stepped up her game incredibly well."

Conference all-star Sara Simpson is another player the Vikes will look to. The third-year forward led the nation in scoring with 15 goals, tallying in ten of the team's 12 matches. Beecroft describes her as one of the most natural goal scorers she's ever coached.

UVic's reputation for its player development program continued with Robyn Evans, the Canada West conference Rookie of the Year.

According to Beecroft, who picked up CanWest Coach of the Year honours, the rest of the team isn't without its stand-outs.

"I don't usually pick out individuals," she says, "because if we don't perform as a team, it means nothing. Our supporting cast, for want of a better word, is Grade A."

The Vikes clinched a berth at nationals after the second of three tournaments weeks ago. "I can't remember that happening before," Beecroft says.

On St.Mary's turf, the Vikes will try to dethrone the defending national champion UBC Thunderbirds, who Beecroft believes are the country's most talented team on paper. UVic has defeated UBC twice this season, but suffered a 1-0 defeat in their final league match. It's a loss Beecroft accepts.

"I'd rather lose that one than any other games," Beecroft says. "We can regroup."

Tournament play begins Thursday, with the champion to be crowned on Sunday.

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NBA Preview

Banging the boards with the Big Aristotle:

Shaquille O'Neal on the professional basketball season

photo provided

imagined by Nick Thran

My Moto rings. *The Martlet* sports editor.

Shaq, man, I need this.

Shit. Punk read espn.com, heard I'm injured. Low-contact exercises only.

Wants me to preview the basketball season. Don't he know Wilt Chamberneezy still has the rap thing? I'm working on *Kazaam 2: Genie in a Bottle*.

Then I got thinking.

The NBA revolves around my big toe. If Shaq Daddy's digit packs so much punch, what about my legs, my arms, my neck? By the time you get up to my brain, I've already ruled the world until the end of time. No wonder they need a heavyweight.

I call Sarge, the Shaq Daddy's daddy.

Son, what did I tell you about being a soldier, an American, a Man. You got to represent to the rest of the world. You got a duty to peep those Canadian cats some knowledge.

Damn. The Superman's gotta answer this call.

I remember a couple years ago, in Vancouver, before taking it to the Wizzlies, *the Martlet* hooked the Lake-show up with a bit of B.C. garden variety for one of coach Phil's pre-game Zen sessions.

You do something for Shaq. Shaq does something for you.

I ring *the Martlet* office.

Yo, it's the Big Aristotle here. Let me give you the skinny.

The West contestants:

Sacramento –

Yeah, I heard it. This year The Sacremento Queens got deeper. Keon Clark, a lanky shot-blocking pogo stick, is the final piece, the answer. What people forget is that I'm 320 pounds. I've eaten lamb dinners that weigh more than Keon. So, Bibby, C-Web, Divac: I'll see ya'll again in the Western Conference Finals. I'll bring the marinade. Kobe'll spring for potatoes.

Dallas –

Steve Nash's hair is so long, Rick Fox might mistake him for Vanessa Willams and take him out to watch that French movie, *Amelie*. The Mudlicks got a lot of pop, but big Shaq Daddy's hard to stop.

Note to the Chocolate Macadamian: Write that down in the lyric book.

San Antonio –

T-Dunc could grow an afro, buy a fur coat, and pump some Bootsy Collins in a baby blue Caddy, and you still wouldn't be able to call him T-Funk with a straight face. Duncan's solid, but these days, you need flair. Plus, the Bone-Spur's other fading star, the Admiral, David Robinson, is getting old. Sarge always tells me, "Son, respect the elderly." I got some plans for the retirement ceremony.

Nobody else comes close.

My cell rings, again. Damn. *Martlet*'s buggin'.

Shaq, man, the East.

Dogging me for more details. I tell him to get his tape recorder. Diesel don't have the time to write.

[*Editor's note: Shaq proceeded to speak in a high-pitched, slightly condescending tone, as if he were reading a story to a child.*]

Once upon a time, in a faraway land, teams were more than just 6'8" no-hop, no-game pretenders who think three-point shots and fancy drives win championships. The mighty Shaqzilla even made his home in this land, before his incredible journey to La-La land, where he rules as king.

The Beast no longer in the East, the Bulls, broke up and a dark cloud descended upon the conference. Alonzo Mourning got sick. Antonio McDyess broke his knee. The great prince Michael Jordan became an old Wizard. All of the once-strong teams – through free-agency, high school draft picks, Latrell Sprewell antics, and other dark forces – were drained of their once-magic powers.

While a few brave knights – Sirs McGrady, Pierce and Kidd – continued to do battle, they couldn't light up the darkness.

[*Editor's note: Shaq laughed hysterically, bit into what sounded like a Chicken Whopper, then resumed his normal tone.*]

Look. Phil, Kobe and I are doing this Buddhist retreat on Denman next summer, and I was wondering... (unintelligible). *Click.*

Bowl-istic: Cole vs. Samcoe

photo by Keltie Craig

Craig Battle, line cook at the Lincoln Bar & Grill: The only human brave enough to separate these feuding kingpins. God bless him.

by Rich Cole

When I arrived at the bowling alley Sunday evening, Samcoe was sitting, out of breath, in front of the lane where he had obviously just practiced his limited skills. I agreed to get my bowl on, dismissing his blatant attempt to gain the upper-hand.

In the warm-up, or first game, as Samcoe ignorantly calls it, I slowly stretched out my huge biceps in preparation for the big game. While I could've thrown a series of strikes right off, I tossed a couple duds, hoping to give Samcoe false confidence. I knew I'd catch him off guard in the real match. Meanwhile, Samcoe busted out his Lord-of-the-Dance delivery, making some lucky shots.

I entered my "bowling zone" in the official game. In the glitter of disco lights and the gusto of Tears For Fears, I dazzled the unskilled Samcoe with spares and strikes, winning the match by a whopping eight points.

I was really disappointed with Samcoe's skills. I figured a single guy would have stronger wrists. He kept switching balls, looking for something lighter. It was a pathetic act of desperation.

Thankfully, the night wasn't a complete waste of my time. It was a great opportunity for me to show *Martlet* readers their sports editor should stay inside the newsroom, while the "real writers" get the stories.

by Mark Samcoe

Rich was the one who was out-of-breath. He barely greeted me before ducking into the washroom, where he stayed for at least 20 minutes. He claimed to have had trouble buttoning his bowling shirt. The irony of Wham!'s "Wake Me Up (Before You Go Go)" jitterbugging from the alley sound system was not lost on me.

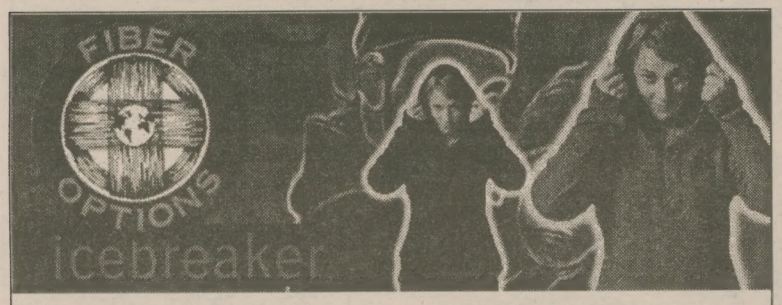
I wanted to go into the game cold, but Cole complained about his tendonitis or some phantom affliction. He was playing possum. It was like the Rumble in the Jungle. I was Foreman, swinging away, while Cassius Cole ducked into the gutters. I got tired, bored. Cole, he got lucky, for a change.

Everything was off: my footwork, my aim. It was the shoes, the mirrorball, and the Paula Abdul. She still gets to me.

I took the first match, or warm-up, but I showed Cole some grace by not mocking him. Cole won what he called "the Big Kahuna" by eight points measly points.

Whether it's biceps, wrists, or cantaloupes, it's nine per cent physical, 50 per cent mental. That's 110 per cent, Cole. And I gave it.

I'm sorry Cole was so disappointed. Perhaps if he learned the proper use of the period in his stories, I'd spend less time correcting his mistakes and more in the alley. He just doesn't know when to stop.



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(Heading North, just past McMorran's on the left)

When Roberto Alomar spat on that umpire, ***the Martlet*** was there. Some of his saliva landed on us. At first we thought it was raining, but then we remembered that the SkyDome roof was closed.

Damn that Roberto.

When Rick Fox fought Doug Christie at a preseason game last week, ***the Martlet*** was there. We love the violence. We shouted, Bob and weave, Foxy!

Bob and weave!

But when ***the Martlet*** needed sports writers, where were you? We waited and waited, but you never showed.

Not cool. Not cool at all.

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New UVic fields promise to never let you down

photo by Mark Samcoe

Never-before-seen *Field of Dreams* footage of Kevin Costner's cornfield being turned into a baseball diamond. Just kidding. By the way, did you know the word "gullible" isn't in the dictionary? Chumps.

by Iain McLetchie

Although field construction at UVic has meant inconveniencing intramural and recreational schedules, once completed, the refurbished pitches promise better times for all.

The loss of the warm-up track and its inner pitch, one of UVic's major recreational fields, has forced users to the track at Centennial Stadium, formerly closed to the public.

Originally, community groups were concerned with the loss of the track, but, according to Jim Hays, operations and facilities coordinator for UVic Athletics, the transition to Centennial has been seamless. Concerns about vandalism to the stadium have been abated.

"Nothing wrong has happened yet," says Hays.

Intramural registration hasn't dropped despite league play's relocation to smaller venues. "We've scaled back the ultimate league and moved flag football to a worse position, lighting-wise," says Paul Smith, UVic's intramural programmer.

Intramurals has worked hard to cope with the lack of space, increasing the duration of league play. Most participants haven't complained about the tightened schedules.

"People have been patient because they know something better will happen," says Smith. "Normally, there would be lots of irate people out there, but most have an understanding of the big picture."

A big picture, which, according to Hays, includes a two-field artificial turf surface that will allow for play in all weather conditions.

The synthetic-surfaced field promises to "replicate natural grass as close as humanly possible," as well as reduce maintenance costs.

While the old field often became an unusable bog in winter because of poor drainage, weather will have no effect on the new-and-improved version.

"There will be no rainouts," Hays says. "We'll never have to line, mow, water, or hopefully close the field."

According to Hays, the field, which is to be completed in January, will be capable of hosting many different sporting events, from soccer and field hockey to rugby.

The same synthetic surface is already in use at the Burnaby Lakes Sports Complex, where the response has been overwhelmingly positive.

"Everyone who's played on this kind of turf loves it," says Gord Pederson, Burnaby's Sport and Outdoor Recreation Supervisor.

The surface is composed of long strands of green "grass" filled in with recycled rubber particles, which hold the turf firmly to a base of dirt and sand. Different-coloured turf is used for permanent lines.

The field's availability for widespread rental, as well as its low upkeep costs, will more than compensate for the initial construction pricetag. A proper drainage system gives the turf a life expectancy of 15 to 25 years.

"It's going to make life a lot easier," Hays says. "We'll be able to decrease cancellations, which is exciting in itself because we'll now be able to finish every league on time."

Spooky playoff soccer

by Mark Samcoe

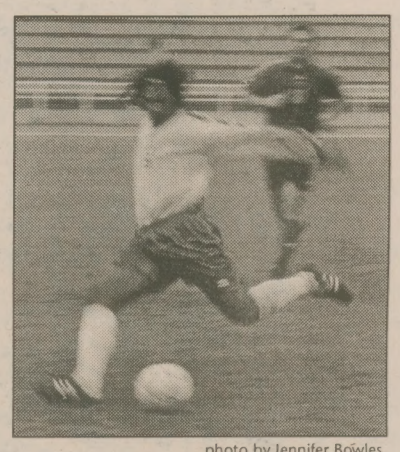

photo by Jennifer Bowles

Jag Sajan, about to kick the habit.

On Hallowe'en in my hometown, parents drive their kids to the affluent residential areas, under the impression that there's more candy to be had from a house with a three-car garage.

Is no child satisfied by a single Tootsie Pop anymore? It's not like the residents of the house with the beach volleyball court in their backyard were handing out the keys to their fleet of Jettas.

Hallowe'en is about collecting as much candy as you can. It's quantity not quality. Did you know that a potato chip bag contains 90 per cent air?

Give me Rockets. Give me Thrills.

All the running involved in trick or treating qualifies it as a sport. You have to be in prime physical condition if you want to cover a sizeable chunk of the city grid while dressed as a shower stall or hippopotamus.

Hey, imagine how much candy the Vikes athletes could collect if they went trick-or-treating. While you do that, I'll dish out the sweet stuff.

Coach Bruce Wilson and the men's Vikes hit the Canada West playoffs at the UofA this weekend, along with Calgary and UBC. Although the Vikes finished the season undefeated and on top of the league, they'll still be in tough competition.

Wilson likes to say that any team can beat any other on any given day.

I'll bet a mini-Wunderbar the Vikes meet the Alberta, a team they've tied twice this season, in the final. The Bears lost twice last week, their only losses this season.

Despite their recent collapse, they've got the hometown crowd, and that's like having a carton of eggs and a garage door in your sights.

Coach Tracy David and the women's Vikes hit up Trinity Western this weekend, along with Calgary and UBC.

David's confidence in her squad has grown in recent weeks, following some solid wins on the road. They finished the season in second spot, and have lost only once all year.

UVic's road to the CanWest finals goes through Calgary this Friday. In their last meeting, the Vikes played their strongest defensive game yet.

The championship final should feature the Vikes and the undefeated T-Birds, or I'll forfeit my Wagon Wheels.

Billboards

on campus

VIPIRG presents a How-To Series for Activists on Researching for Social Change. Free researching workshops, including "Corporations on Campus" with Sarah Cox, Mon. Nov. 4, 12:30 – 2:00, Grad Student Centre Room 108; "Solid Backing" with Edward May, Tues. Nov. 5, 12:30 – 2:00, Grad Student Centre Room 108; "Digging the Dirt" with Russ Francis, Wed. Nov. 4, 10:30 – 12:30, SUB B110A; and "Corporate Research" with Nedjo Rogers, Thurs. Nov. 6, 12:30 – 2:00, HSD Building, A150.

Victoria Entrepreneurship Challenge. Win $10,000. Join Canada's second-largest business plan competition. Register online today. For more information, visit www.gvec.ca. Registration deadline: Nov. 1.

UVic Cyclists: New bicycle lockers installed. These lockers are popular, so rent yours now. More info at web.uvic.ca/uvbikes or 721-8355.

Society for Conservation Biology (SCB) and Malaysia Tiger cOnservation & Research Aid (TORA) present: Animal Diversity of the Forgotten Tiger Country – Malaysia. Come see guest speaker Song Horng Neo discuss the importance of habitat preservation in one of the world's most biodiverse countries. Donations welcome, but admission is free. Thurs., Nov. 7. 6:00 p.m. Elliot 160. Everyone welcome!

Join the fight for reduced tuition! Want to help fight for accessible education, but you're not sure how to get involved? This is your chance! Come to a workshop on building the campaign for lower tuition and get the facts, ask questions and brainstorm on an action plan. Friday, Nov. 8, 1:30 – 4:30 p.m., in the small half of the Michèle Pujol Room in the SUB. Free coffee and snacks. For info, call 721-8368.

Catholic Students' Association – Feast of All Saints liturgy at the Interfaith Chapel, UVic (near parking lot 6) Friday Nov. 1, 11:30 a.m. Come honour the saints and your departed loved ones who have inspired you personally. All students and staff welcome.

off campus

Rally to stop the "Working Forest"
Sat., Oct. 19, Noon at Centennial Square; 12:30 p.m. at the legislature.
Please come to this most important, peaceful rally and help stop the proposed anti-protected areas law that gives incontestable logging rights on all of B.C.'s public forest lands. Speakers, street theatre, music.
Sponsored by the Western Canada Wilderness Committee.

Beginners' Sign Language Workshop
10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Nov. 9 to 10. Designed to ensure that you will be able to communicate in sign langage in two days. Opportunity to understand Deaf culture better. Improve your communication skills. Finger-spelling.
746-1073. Call after 6 p.m. Registration limited. $56 both days.

for sale

One Rolling Stones ticket for sale! November 6th concert in Tacoma. For more information, contact Mary at spitfire_z@hotmail.com

Listen up wanna-be pimps, big dawgs and playas: Cellphone for sale. $25. Call Mark at 386-3993.

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wanted

Apple iBook. Call Stewart at 884-7691.

Two lonely girls. Disappointed with men. Need plants. muzukashicoconut@hotmail.com

hey you

To the man who stole my heart in San Francisco and shipped it to San Diego by train, and from there put it on a slow trash barge out into the middle of the Pacific and dumped it somewhere beyond watchful eyes: I have it back now and it wants revenge. Look out.

Dumbass. I said, "Give it back," not whatever it was you thought I said that made you take off your pants.

I heard at this newspaper that there is a war going on between the Engineers and the rest of the university. I say, Go Engineers! Arts students can suck my you-know-what. Twice.

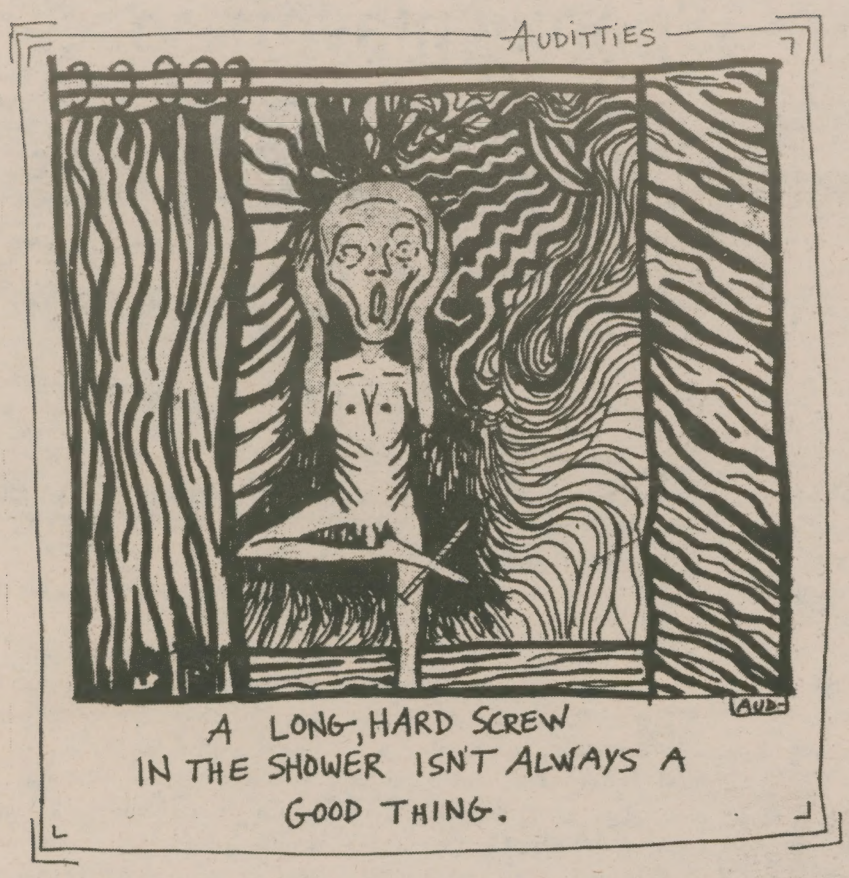
If you were to take all of the *want* in, I don't know, Hungary at, say, Christmas time, that would be almost as much as you want me. You know you want me. Nate.

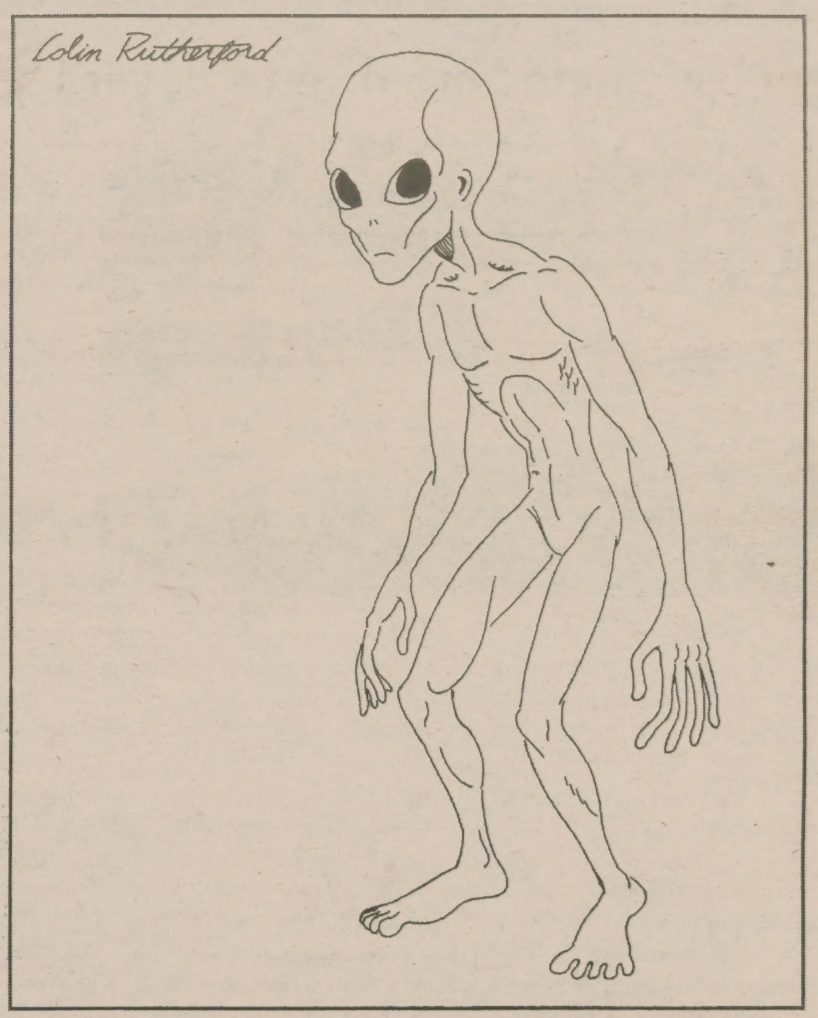
Seriously, think about if the Titanic were to surface after what must be ninety years by now and discover that the iceberg that sunk it now lives with his new girlfriend in an apartment, much like you, across from the YMCA. She'd be pissed and ready to go, would she not?

Carla. You are pregnant again. I thought you should know. Sincerely, Dr. Caruthers.

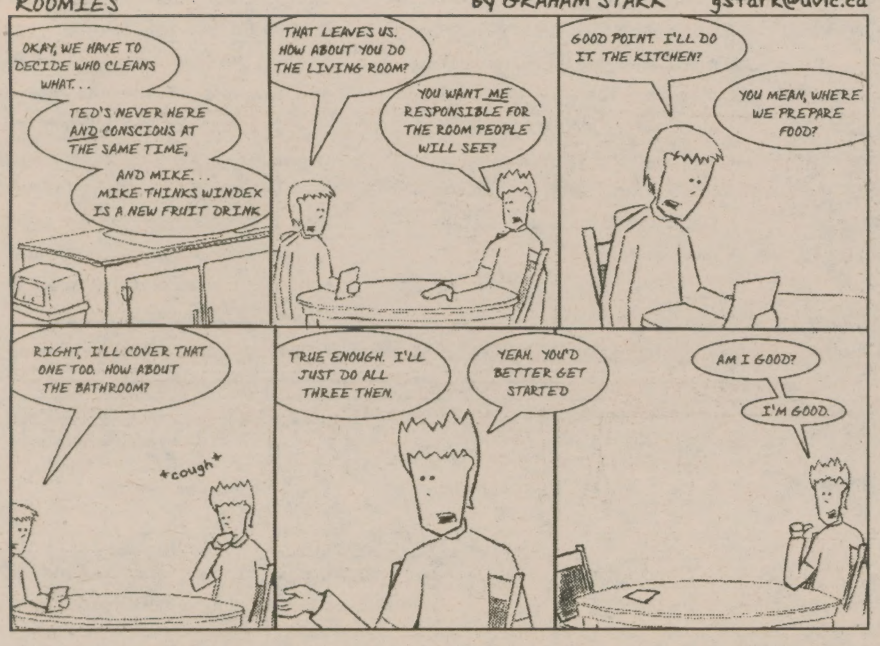
And because I can't talk to you without mentioning the book in your hand, or asking you about class, and because when I am near you my hands seem unnaturally long, I am not going to do anything with anything you gave me. It was very nice of you to do so, but I am giving in. Thanks.

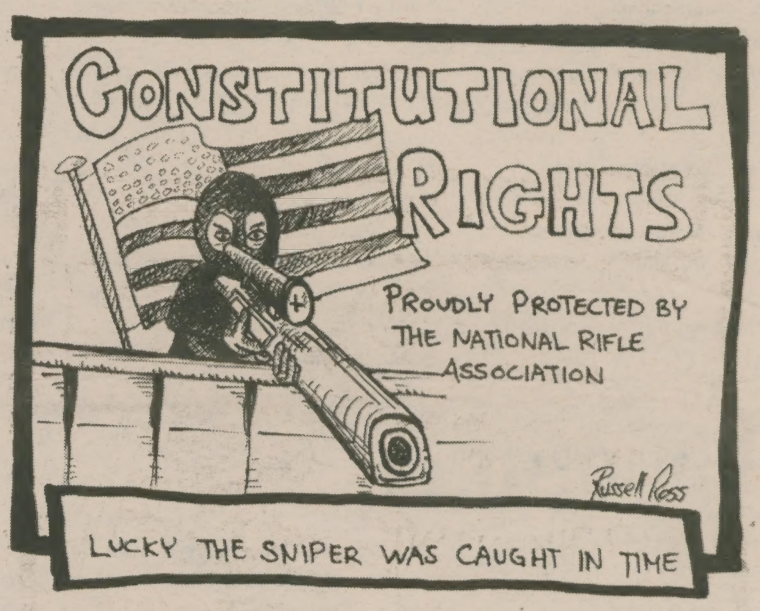
By the by, you may want to take a vacation, an extended one, soon. My heart is *really* pissed.





Artist's conception of what Michael Jackson will look like by 2010.


ROOMIES
by GRAHAM STARK gstark@uvic.ca
OKAY, WE HAVE TO DECIDE WHO CLEANS WHAT..
TED'S NEVER HERE AND CONSCIOUS AT THE SAME TIME,
AND MIKE.. MIKE THINKS WINDEX IS A NEW FRUIT DRINK
THAT LEAVES US. HOW ABOUT YOU DO THE LIVING ROOM?
YOU WANT ME RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ROOM PEOPLE WILL SEE?
GOOD POINT. I'LL DO IT THE KITCHEN?
YOU MEAN, WHERE WE PREPARE FOOD?
RIGHT, I'LL COVER THAT ONE TOO. HOW ABOUT THE BATHROOM?
cough
TRUE ENOUGH. I'LL JUST DO ALL THREE THEN.
YEAH. YOU'D BETTER GET STARTED
AM I GOOD?
I'M GOOD.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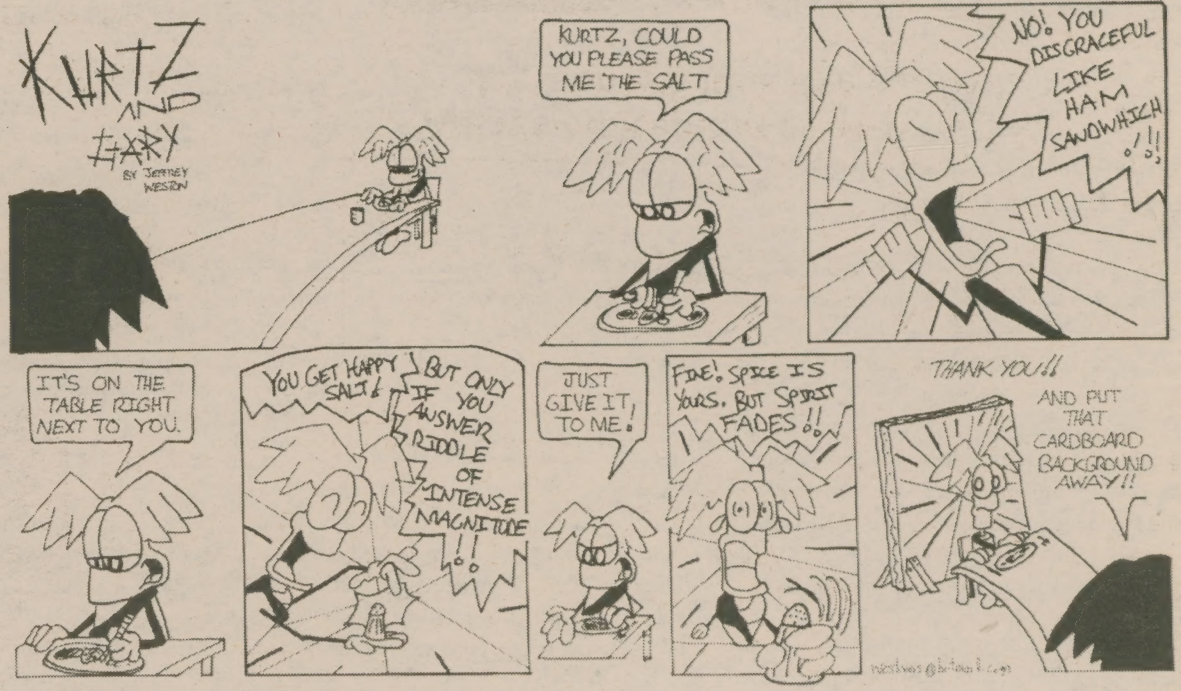
Russell Ross
LUCKY THE SNIPER WAS CAUGHT IN TIME


KURTZ AND GARY
BY JEFFREY WESTON
KURTZ, COULD YOU PLEASE PASS ME THE SALT
NO! YOU DISGRACEFUL LIKE HAM SANDWHICH
IT'S ON THE TABLE RIGHT NEXT TO YOU.
YOU GET HAPPY SALT! BUT ONLY IF YOU ANSWER RIDDLE OF INTENSE MAGNITUDE!!
JUST GIVE IT TO ME!
FINE! SPICE IS YOURS. BUT SPIRIT FADES!!
THANK YOU!!
AND PUT THAT CARDBOARD BACKGROUND AWAY!!

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